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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE DEAD POET.

HIRAM LONG.

You have come to me, my comrade, from the dim and unknown shore;
From the darkness and the silence you have come to me once more;
I have felt your arms enfold me with the clasp of love and truth;
You have borne me back enchanted to the fairy land of youth.

There we sailed, again, the ocean, seeking for the golden land;
There we bathed in crystal rivers flowing over golden sand;
There we dwelt beneath the shadow of the ever-verdant pine,
Where you wove your songs like garlands, while I slowly fashioned mine.

But I wept when I awakened in the morning gray and cold,
When I found myself imprisoned in a body worn and old,
And I knew the form of beauty that had been your home on earth
Had returned, in shame and sorrow, to the dust that gave it birth.

Oh, the devious ways you followed and the end to which they led;
Oh, the foes to whom you wandered and the husk on which you fed;
Oh, the days of fierce temptation and the nights of black despair,
And the strong cry for deliverance from the tempter and the snare.

But the soul that stood beside me in my slumber yesternight
Bore no stains of guilt and passion and no trace of earthly blight;
And I said, "Your earthborn frailties have perished with the clay;
You have found the fount of cleansing that has washed your guilt away!"

Bucklin, Mo.

SEA CHANGES.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

From shore to shore the waters sleep,
Without a breath to move them;
And mirror, many a fathom deep,
Rocks round, and skies above them.
I catch the sea bird's lightest wail
That dots the distant billow,
And hear the flappings of the sail
That lull the sea boy's pillow.

Anon, across the glassy bay
The cat's paw gusts come creeping;
A thousand waves are soon at play,
In sunny freshness leaping.
The surge once more talks round the shore,
The good ship walks the ocean:
Seas, skies, and men all wake again
To music, health, and motion.

But now the clouds in angry crowds,
On Heaven's grim forehead muster,
And wild and wide sweeps o'er the tide
The white squall's fitful bluster.
The stout ship heels, the brave heart reels
Before the whelming breaker;
And all in nature quakes, and feels
The presence of its Maker.

Oh, glorious still in every form,
Untamed, untrodden ocean;
Beneath the sunshine or the storm,
In stillness or commotion.
Be mine to dwell beside the swell,
And think of thy wonders;
Feel thy light spray around me play,
And thrill before thy thunders!

While yet a boy I felt the joy
To graze upon thy glories;
I loved to ride the stormy tide
And shout in joyous chorus.
With calmer brow I haunt thee now
For sublime emotion,
My soul is awed and filled with God,
By thee, majestic ocean.

Our Story Teller.

OSWALD WARDOUR.

Oswald declares that I saved him. I write the story of the most momentous episode in his life and mine in order that this generous delusion may once for all be corrected, and that others at least—for he is obstinate—may understand how slender and fortuitous was my share in the singular deliverance. It seems to me that my narrative will gain in clearness and in coherence if I begin with the day on which I first made Oswald Wardour's acquaintance.

I had arrived at Charing Cross alone and unattended, except by my maid. The friends with whom I had intended to stay had passed on to Folkstone to recover from the effects of a somewhat rough channel passage, while I had decided to keep to the letter the promise made in my last homeward dispatch from Paris. I was suffering in no degree from mal de mer, though the immunity is small credit to an Admiral's daughter, but I longed to be at rest once more in the quiet haven of the nursery home in London. It was my expectation that upon the arrival platform I should find in waiting either my uncle or Mr. Hollingsworth, his chief clerk. But I was subjected to great disappointment. I scanned the many different groups of bystanders in vain, and was just confiding to a porter information on the topic of luggage, when a gentleman, whom I had observed inspecting the compartments nearer the engine, advanced and lifted his hat. "Miss Craig, I believe?" he said.

I was taken aback, for the speaker was a stranger to me, and I marveled not only what his business might be, but how he had obtained the secret of my identity. He was tall and well built, with curly hair and grey eyes, as handsome and genial in their expression as the summer sunshine. I am afraid I was frigid and haughty in my affirmative, which in turn was in interrogation.

"I have come," he said, "in response to the wish of Mr. Geoffrey Craig. Our principal has an engagement in Lombard street at half-past 9 which he is reluctantly compelled to fulfill; and Mr. Hollingsworth is unfortunately invalided. You will permit me to to see to your luggage, Miss Craig?"

He was one of my uncle's staff then—a newcomer. "Thank you so much; I shall be extremely obliged," I answered.

My uncle's carriage was in readiness—upon that point at least I need have entertained no doubts. When seated within it I soon learned from my companion that his name was Oswald Wardour. He was deferential, but it was the deference of one bred to habits of courtesy. There was neither presumption nor servility in his manner. He was self-possessed and unassuming. Simply a clerk! It was hard to believe it. In my not very extended travels I had met many a wealthy and titled individual who, to all outward seeming, was less deserving of the title gentleman.

Even in the first hour of reunion with my dear uncle and guardian, I soon found opportunity to turn the conversation in the direction of his messenger. He rallied me with the slightly elephantine mirth which I knew to be a sign of his content at my appearance. "You are as much a daughter of Eve as when you teased your father to let you see the clockwork that moves a compass!" he said. Ha, ha! It was a favorite joke with Ferdinand, poor fellow"—the laugh changed into a sigh. "And Wardour has bewildered your girlish wits, has he? Well, what the surface shows is nothing more nor less than the fact. He looks a gentleman, and he talks like one: and he is one. His family a branch of the Leicestershire Wardours. They have been rich in their day, but a lawsuit has come on their heels of other disasters, and left Oswald—their last representative—with but a barren patrimony—barren in the literal sense of the word, for it mainly consists of a few hundred acres of miserable, half-reclaimed land somewhere in the north."

I still wondered why it was that the young man had not preferred an opening in some profession to the drudgery and humble status of a desk in a ship-broker's office, and I made some careless remark of the kind.

A momentary shade of disapproval rested upon my uncle's countenance. By implication, though quite inadvertently, I had reflected upon the own choice of a career. "Let me tell you that, in my opinion, Wardour has acted wisely," he said. "Mercantile pursuits are as deserving of honor and respect as any others, and they more frequently lead to competence. Wardour has gone the right way to work in his efforts to conquer fortune by the exchange of law for trade."

Here was a supplemental disclosure. The young man's ambition had at one time soared to what in my heart of hearts I fear I still regarded as a higher level. With an apology, perhaps a little wanting in candor, on my part, the talk turned into another channel.

This, as I have hinted, was the commencement of the reproduction of a story old yet ever new. What woman can commit to cold, callous paper the record of her pooling, or even breathe the cherished secret into the ears of her bosom friend? I at least should find the task impossible. It is enough to state briefly that during the lengthening days of that blissful spring Oswald and I met often, at first casually, and then of design; that feelings of mutual interest deepened into regard; and before either of us knew it had undergone yet another and more momentous evolution, and had become—love. The awakening was brought about by circumstances which threatened to quench in miserable gloom the struggling flame.

It is necessary to explain something of the architecture and interior arrangements of the quaint, old-fashioned building. There is a tradition that our house, at the south corner of Lincoln Square, was once the home of one of Elizabeth's most famous courtiers. It is one of the few in the city still possessing a garden—a green gem in the grim, unsightly setting of encircling bricks and mortar. The counting-house and business premises occupied an entire and commodious suite of rooms at the west corner of the edifice. They were carefully divided and made distinct from the still larger section of the Raleigh House, which for 40 years had been my uncle's bachelor residence.

There was a room built out from the main portion of the eastern pile and connected by a covered passage with the conservatory, which was devoted to my own use. In it I set up my easel and gave free reign to the enthusiasm for art which my stay in Rome had quickened; and it was the custom for Mr. Hollingsworth and Oswald Wardour to leave the counting-house from the rear—they were invariably last—and sending in their keys by the trusted butler, a man who had been in my uncle's employ for a quarter of a century, to pass under the windows of my studio to the gate at the end of the path. I trust that this will make plain the happening of that which next I have to relate.

It was excessively close for the last week of May—there was surely thunder in the air. I was tired of painting, and I had retreated from the slowly slanting blaze of sunlight which had crept half-way up my easel to a shelf behind, where a screen that masked the entrance to the conservatory. The steps I knew so well soon sounded on the asphalted path without. The window was open, and I heard voices in earnest debate. Oswald looked furtively in and fancied the room was vacant, while I smiled in my roguish mischief at his error—a smile that quickly faded.

"Yes, it is a round two hundred that I need, and that by hook or by crook, I must have. Can you accomodate me at a pinch, Hollingsworth?" Oswald said.

They had halted; and in my own despite I was forced to play the eavesdroper; to hear with tingling cheeks, my own name brought into the discussion.

"Possibly I can. But you must answer a question before I give you a definite decision," said the senior clerk in smooth tones, that somehow made me shiver. "Do I argue correctly from observation in believing that you are aiming at high game, Wardour—that you propose to win the hand of Miss Betha Craig?"

Plainly, Oswald hesitated. My poor, foolish heart seemed to cease its beating, awaiting the reply. At last it came, in an emphatic affirmative. The inincoherent syllables revealed the speaker's agitation: "You have—divined—very strangely—I regret it—my secret. I love Bertha. You are the first to hear the confession." He little guessed that he had two listeners. "It will go no further, I am convinced, from your lips, Hollingsworth, What bearing has this on my request?"

The other gave a dry cough. "The fact constitutes a sort of security, don't you see?" he said.

They had resumed their progress towards the gate. I was alone with my new-found joy. My heart went out yearningly in a full and free response. Oswald should ask but to have.

Yet even at this stage there were storm-clouds on the horizon. My uncle, who for so many years had stood good-uncle in the place of both my dead parents—and a mother could scarcely have been more tender, a father more patient and forbearing—would very probably object, and consider himself victimized by those he had befriended. I was but a child in his eyes still, though my 20th birth-day had passed; and I had a conviction that he had formed quite a different plan for my future. Again, there could be very cheerful meaning to Oswald Wardour's urgent need of so considerable a sum as £200.

My forebodings in respect to my uncle's opposition speedily were justified by the event. He drew me very quietly one morning into the big, desolate chamber which was called the library, and so rarely used for any purpose but confession, that it was inspected and packed; and my uncle saw me into a reserved first-class carriage at Euston.

The train by which I traveled was an express, but not one of the imperial kind that carry her majesty's northward and westward bound mails. It stopped at all the chief junctions from Willesden to its goal. It was immediately after passing one of these stages that a seemingly trivial circumstance occurred, upon which, with a mental vision less quickened by suffering, I should perhaps have bestowed no particular attention. Certain fragments of torn paper fluttered in the breeze past my open window, and one of them, somewhat larger than its companions, would be lost between the mahogany slide and the blind-cord. It quivered there like an ensnared live thing. Suddenly I started, a queer thought dominated my brain. The clear, fine caligraphy was wondrously like the writing of my uncle's chief clerk. I examined the scrap narrowly, and my suspicion was confirmed. The very paper had the water line of the wove used in my uncle's office and was of that simtiar texture. I read:

.....dour will be con.....
.....at No. 8 Tower street.....
.....letters will be sure to.....

A whisper—which was the product, doubtless, of my heated imagination, but which sounded as the voice of one even then languishing in prison—filled in the missing syllables in the first line, and I repeated mechanically: "Wardour will be convicted." "He shall not!" I cried aloud.

Who had destroyed and scattered upon the winds this letter? Could it be the triekster of Torleni's restaurant?

The inspiration was justified by what my eyes beheld at the next station. To scrutinize those who alighted from the forward half of the train was now my absorbing occupation, and it was quickly repaid. Densford in advance was vivsted, as if by magnetism, upon a man who answered almost exactly to the word-picture given from Oswald's lips in the columns of the *Daily Sun*. There were the ponderous features, the coal-black hair and scanty beard, the nose of distinctive Israelitish cast.

I drew down my veil, and oblivious of my luggage and its fate, of everything save the imperative necessity of tracking the apparently unperturbed stranger, left my compartment also. It was neither a long nor difficult pursuit, or I might have betrayed my purpose. My quarry entered a third-rate inn at the bottom of the station hill; and, as he was accompanied by a porter with a bag, who left the latter behind as he reappeared from the side door of the bar, I had good grounds for my hope that a stay was intended. I sought out the Densford post office and dispatched a telegram to my uncle.

I felt I had stumbled upon the trail of the real criminal in that dreadful business of the forgery; or rather, I should say, criminals, for, as the sequel showed, the guilt was about equally divided.

In the afternoon my uncle arrived, listened with amazement to my startling story, and adopted bold measures. On the strength of his cogent representations a magisterial warrant was granted, and armed with this the Densford inspector of police arrested the man called Edgar Hollingsworth.

Discomfited and demoralized by the swift suddenness of the blow, the victim threw himself on the clemency of the magistrate—in other words, made full confession. It was a disclosure full of pain for the upright merchant whose trust had been abused.

Again I will try to condense an intricate narrative. James Hollingsworth, my uncle's senior clerk and cashier, had allowed to grow up in his heart a jealous hatred of Oswald Wardour. He believed that the time Oswald might step above him into the partnership at which for so many years he—Hollingsworth—had aimed. Hollingsworth had a scapegrace brother, long accounted dead, who had reappeared in one of these evil junctures which are the touchstones of the men's characters. He had visited my uncle's clerk in the office at an hour when Oswald was away at the docks, and had tried to levy blackmail. Then came the temptation, to which his elder, and hitherto outwardly virtuous brother had succumbed. Could not Oswald Wardour's need of £200 be made the basis of a plot to ruin him? James Hollingsworth told his ally what was required, and purchased at a heavy price his assistance. How the scheme worked has already been made plain.

It was a singular coincidence, and one which did not redound to the man's credit, that under pressure of these revelations a waiter at Torieni's restaurant had his memory quickened, and was prepared to testify to the occurrence with his master's precincts of the interview between Edgar Hollingsworth and Oswald Wardour, as related in Oswald's earliest statement. My uncle always believes that this waiter had been bribed to silence.

It proved impossible to hush up the affair, and a sentence of penal servitude was passed upon both the brothers.

"And you saved me, Miss Craig," Oswald said, when, for a few precious minutes on the morrow of his release, we were alone. "But for you I might be in yonder cell yet," and he shuddered. "Miss Craig—Bertha—is my guess a right one—that you care—that at least you can care—for me a little, when I tell you that my heart, my life, are yours?"

Oswald will have it that I was too excited to know exactly in what terms he did reveal the secret which was no secret; but I stand to what I have written. At least I am correct in reporting my answer: "I can care—everything," I murmured.

A few months after the one remaining mystery was solved. Coal had been discovered on Oswald's "barren acres" in the north. It was for purposes of experiments, in which he was sworn to secrecy, that he had required the loan of the £200. But even without the prospect of this wealth my uncle would now have withdrawn his opposition to Oswald as my suitor: "Your love, child, has been tried in adversity; may it be the stronger and more lasting," he said.

We are grateful and content.—*Chambers' Journal.*

FLIRTATION OF SENATORS.

Queer Things Sometimes Happen in Washington Society.

A dinner party was given last week which was very unpleasant to both host and guests, for there were but five persons invited and three of them, two gentlemen and a lady, did not speak to each other at all.

Before Sen. Logan's death he and Sen. Sabin used to call themselves twins, as they said they were considered so much alike that one was constantly mistaken for the other. "Take care," said a lady to whom they told this, "or something may be found out, as was the case when another senator in leaving a party last winter got by mistake into a carriage with the wrong lady, who soon found out that the other one whom he expected to meet would have got had she been in the carriage alone with him."

This suggestion rather pleased the soidisant twins, for nothing delights a United States Senator as much as to be accused of flirting. An elderly Senator, whose youngest child is over 25 years of age, was quite aggrieved when a lady who had often called upon him and eaten lunch with him at the capitol was being bantered about it, and said in his presence:

"O, I know it is perfectly safe to flirt with him, even at the capitol. His reputation is above suspicion."

"I'll have you understand," he exclaimed indignantly, although his wife was present, "it's not so safe as you think it is. I'm not so old as you are trying to make me out. I am always glad to see you at the capitol or anywhere, but you musn't talk that way about me any more."

The senator who got into a carriage with the wrong lady last winter has been a grass widower this year, as his wife has kept out of Washington. The joke of the matter, however, was that it was the wife of a foreign minister whom he in the darkness of the street in front of Sec. Whitney's house, after an evening reception there, mistook for the lady whom he was to escort home, and he jumped the foreign lady into a carriage, followed her quickly, and shut the door with a bang, telling the coachman to drive on, while the lady whom he intended to take home was on the sidewalk wildly crying out, "Senator —, you have gone off with my latch-key."

But, still unaware of his mistake, he (so the foreign lady said when she subsequently, in her indignation, told the story at a lunch party) put his arm about his companion's waist and tried to kiss her. She, as she said, could not speak English and knew no word of our language except "fire" and "murder," so, meaning to give an alarm, she put her head out of the window of the carriage and shouted "Fiyah watah" as loud as she could, which brought the senator to his senses, made him apologize, and take her to her own residence, which was close at hand, at once.

It is also said that wine taken at an evening party so affected another congressman that, having a very costly silk umbrella with a silver handle studded with jewels, he, on leaving the scene of the entertainment, put his umbrella into his carriage, shut the door, and told the coachman to drive home, and he himself walked while his umbrella rode home in state.—*Washington Letter.*

Don't Work That Brain Too Hard.

In giving this advice to Americans who know little rest, an evidently experienced physician writes to the Boston *Journal* that the special safeguard is to keep the mind from dwelling on any subject with intense and prolonged anxiety. It will not do to "hug sharp-pointed memories of the past." Some brains are specially prone to run in "rabbit tracks" of thought. The only safety is in timely diversion of thought. The reason why a larger percentage of people in the country became insane than those who reside in cities and large villages is because they have so little to compel variety of thought. As religious topics have to do with the deepest interests of the individual there is danger when the body and mind are weakened by overwork or disease even this important subject may be dwelt upon too exclusively. In conversing with a very intelligent and refined lady who had partially lost her mind while in bodily ill-health by dwelling on religious subjects, the writer urged her, after having committed herself to the mercy of God, to "lay that subject entirely religious 'on the table" till she had strength of mind and body to think calmly and normally. As an inflammation in the throat will prevent the natural vibration of the vocal chords, so acute inflammation in any part of the head prevents the mind from getting correct and normal impressions from its servant, the brain. Intense and prolonged thought begets congestion, and clouded congestion produces disorganization and degeneration.

Saved by a Horse.

A gentleman in Massachusetts once told me of a blowing hole and the style of the man should be mentioned as part of the scene. The narrator was tall and muscular, of manly, almost noble presence. He said: "I once owed my life to the good will of a horse, and it was thus: I was farming in Vermont. It was winter; the ground was covered with deep snow. That snow was coated with a hard, sharp crust. I was driving in a sleigh of pair of horses. At a place in the road, where but a single road had been broken, and where to turn out into the cutting, icy crust would give pain to horse and trouble to man, I met an old couple driving a single horse in a cutter. I tried to turn my horse out into the crust. They would not turn out. I jumped out and took them by the bits to compel them. One of them sprang upon me, threw me down in the deep snow and knelt on my breast. I was helpless; I could not stir. I thought my end had come, when my other horse seized her mate by the cheek with her teeth, pulled him off from me and held him till I got up and was safe. Then with voice and movement she showed joy and delight as plainly as ever did man or woman."—*Swiss Cross.*

Brussels Carpet.

Brussels carpeting proper has a basis composed of warp and woof of strong linen thread. In this warp there are added to every two threads of linen ten threads of woolen of different colors. The use of linen is to bind the worsted together, and it is not visible on the upper surface. The woolen threads are from time to time drawn up in loops to form the figures; each row passes over a wire, which is withdrawn without cutting the yarn. A cheaper kind is made by printing the figures and colors in the wotsted instead of weaving them.

His Own Prediction Verified.

Mr. Beecher was once asked by one of his myriad of correspondents: "How shall I feel when I come to die?" The great preacher replied characteristically: "You will probably feel stupid," referring to the kindly provision of nature in benumbing the faculties when putting her children to their last sleep. His prediction has been closely verified in his own case, the coma of apoplexy being one of the states which he described as "stupid"—a condition of sleepiness followed by insensibility and death.—*New York World.*

No Such Editor in Many Offices.

"I want to see one of the editors," said a lady coming into the office. "Which one?" inquired the horse reporter. "The one that wears glasses." "On his nose or under his nose?" "Both, I think," she replied, hesitatingly, and was at once directed by the reporter to the religious editor's room.

Pointer for Saloonists.

If the saloonkeepers keep on "protecting" themselves politically, there will soon be none of them left, by that name, to protect. That is the drift of public sentiment today.—*Canton Repository.*

Humor.

BILL NYE'S RAILWAY PASS.

Lines on Returning the Blasted Document to the Genial Giver.

HUDSON, Wis., March 30, 1887.—W. F. White, Esq., General Passenger Agent Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, Topeka. Dear Sir: I inclose herewith annual pass No. 0 635 for self and family over your justly celebrated road during the year 1887. I also return your photograph and the letters you have written me during the past five years. Will you kindly return mine? And so this brief and beautiful experience is to end and each must go his own way hereafter.

Alas!

To you this may be easy, but it brings a pang to my heart which your gentle letter of the 1st inst. can not wholly alleviate.

Whenever hereafter you look upon this tear-speckled pass will you not think of me? Remember that you have cast me from you and that I am wandering across the bleak and wind-swept plains, sadly enumerating the ties on my way to eternity.

I do not say this to reproach you, for I fear that you care for another, and so we could not be happy again together. But, oh! do you pause to fully comprehend the pang it costs me to return this pleasant-faced little pass with its conditions on the back? Could you see me even now, as I write these lines, turning away ever and and anon, laying aside my trembling to go and sit by the grate and shudder and weep, and put out the fire with my bitter tears, your heart would soften, and you would say: "Return, oh wanderer, return!"

You do not say in your letter that I have been false to you, or that I have ever grown cold. You do not charge me with infidelity, or failure to provide. You simply say that it would be better for each to go his several ways, forgetting that my several ways are passing away, passing away.

It is all very well for you to talk about going your several ways. You have every facility for doing so, but with me it is different. Several years ago a large northwestern cyclone and myself tried to pass each other on the same track. When the wrecking crew found me I was in the crotch of a butternut tree with a broken leg. Since that time I have walked with great difficulty, and to go my several ways has been a very serious matter with me.

But I do not want you to think that I am murmuring. I accept my doom calmly, yet with a slight tinge of unavailing regret.

Some time perhaps, in the middle of the dark and angry night, when cold blasts wail through the telegraph wires and the crashing sleet rushes with wild and impetuous fury against the windows of your special car, as you lie warmly esconced in your voluptuous berth and hear the pitiless winds with hoarse and croupy moans chase each other around the Kansas haystacks or shriek wildly away as they light out for their cheerless home in the Bad Lands, will you think of me as I grope on blindly through the keen and pitiless blasts, stumbling over cattleguards, falling into culverts, and beating out my rare young brains against your rough right of way, will you not think of me? I do not ask much of you, but I do ask this as we separate forever.

As you whiz by me do not treat me with contumely, or throw crackers at me when I have nicely turned out to let your naughty old train go by. I have always spoken of you in the highest terms and I hope you will do the same by me.

Life is short at the best, and it is especially so for those who have to walk. Walking has already shortened my life a great deal, and I wouldn't be surprised if the exposure and bunions of the year 1887 caused me to, leaving a gap in American literature that will look like a new ceiling.

Should any of your engineers or track men find me frozen in a cut next winter, when the grass gets short and the nights get long, will you kindly ask them to report the brand to your auditor and instruct him to allow my family what he thinks would be right? I hate to write to you in this dejected manner, but you can not understand how heavy my heart is to-day as I pen these lines

I wish you and your beautiful road unmitigated success. It is a good road, for I have passed over it and enjoyed it. How different the country will look to me as I go bounding from tie to tie, slowly repeating to myself the trite remark once made by the Governor of North Carolina to the Executive of South Carolina!

I hope you may never know what it is to pull into the quaint little city of La Junta, with the dust of many a mile upon you, and the thirst of a long, uneventful journey in your throat. I hope that Congress will not pass a law next year which will make it a felony to permit a railroad man to say "gosh" without a permit. I hope that your life will be chuck full of hurrah and hallelujah, even if mine should be always bleak and joyless.

Can I do your road any good, either at home or abroad? Can I be of service to you over your right-of-way by collecting nuts, bolts, old iron, or other bric-a-brac? I would be glad to influence immigration or pull weeds between the tracks, if you would be willing to regard me as an employe.

I will now take a last look at the fair, young features of your pass before finally sealing this letter. How sad to see an annual pass cut down in life's young morning, ere one-fourth of its race has been run! How touchful to part from it forever!

What a sad year this has been so far! Earthquakes, fires, storms, railway disasters, and death in every form have visited our country, and now, like the biting blasts from Siberia or the nipping frosts from Manitoba, comes the congressional cut-worm, cutting off the early crop of flowering annuals just as they had budded to bloom into beauty and usefulness!

I will now close this sad letter to go over into the vacant lot, behind the high board fence, where I can sob in an unfettered way without shaking the glass out of my casement.

Yours, with a crockful of unshed tears on hand, BILL NYE.

No Elocution for the Dutch Parent.

An aged Dutchman, who had sent his daughter to school for practical purposes, was distressed at hearing her recite the simplest pieces in the most harrowing manner. Upon one occasion she was declaiming, with more sound than sense,

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

The unhappy father listened for some time in silence, and finally called, "Katrina, come here!"

Katrina obeyed.

"Katrina, vot you gid so much excited aboudt?"

"I speakin' mine piece."

"Vot made you yell dot loudt, Katrina?"

"Dat was der vay to mage elocution, fadder."

"Now, Katrina, shoost listen. If you yell more loudt, as if you drive von yoge of exen, you don'd vas able to mage dem stars twinkle any more as dey twinkle already, and don'd you try some. Shoost you readt und write und spell, but don'd give us some more of dose yellocution already!"

That Visit Discouraged Him.

Several evenings ago Major Stofah went up on Sixteenth street to see a young lady to whom he has been very attentive for some months. She was not visible at first, and her 12-year-old brother entertained the major. After various questions the kid remarked:

"You ain't contagious, are you?"

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean by that?" asked the major with an innocent laugh of surprise.

"Oh, nothin', I guess; only I heard mother say you wasn't, 'cause sister has been trying to catch you all winter; but she couldn't do it."

The major remained the rest of the evening, but hasn't been back since Lent began.—*Washington Critic.*

Ill-Deserved Fame.

Husband—Well, I told you my friend DeGrand was a wonderful man. Now what do you think of him?

Wife—He's a fool.

"Fool! Why he is one of the most famous scientists of the day."

"He's a born idiot."

"How can you talk so?"

"He thought this precious little treasure was a boy and she most a month old."

Pleasant for Strangers.

Stranger (in Yorkville barber shop)—That's twice you've cut me.

Barber—Yes, sah.

Stranger—If you can't do better than that you'll drive away customers.

Barber—I ain't had 'sperience 'nuff yet, sah, to shave customers. The boss only 'lows me to shave strangers.

BOB BURDETTE.

A Batch of His Latest Humorous Efforts.

THE BLIGHT OF LANDLORDISM.

"Reginald" wants to know what is the "blight of landlordism" of which he reads so much. Well, we asked our landlord about it, and he said it was laying a plumber, a carpenter, a painter and a plasterer $800 a year to keep a $600 house in repair, and then have the tenant take out the door bell, chandeliers and range, and skip with about three months' rent unpaid. He says there are some other blights in the landlord business, which any one may readily find out by building a few houses to rent.

INQUIRE WITHIN.

"Husband in?" asked the assessor, cheerfully. "No," answered the woman, "he isn't home." "Expecting him soon?" asked the assessor. "Well," the woman replied, thoughtfully, "I don't know exactly; I've been lookin' for him seventeen years, and he hasn't shown up yet. You travel around a good deal, and if you see a man who looks as though he'd make me a pretty good husband, tell him I'm still a-waitin' and send him along. How's your wife?" But the assessor wrote something in his book and without speaking slid softly away, with the cautious haste of a man walking over a thin place in the ice.

POLITICS AT HOME.

"Why does Congress take a recess?" asked Rollo; "to give the members a rest?" "No, my son," replied Rollo's father; "to give the country a rest. Congress never rests." "And why not?" asked Rollo inquiringly. "Because," replied his father, "it never does enough to make it tired."

A DEVELOPING MAN.

"Lighthead," exclaimed his excellent wife, testily, "you are a bigger fool than I took you to be." "Thanks," he said, gratefully and meekly, "that is to say, I grow on you with longer acquaintance. Ah, my ownest own, you haven't half found me out yet."

THAT IS WHAT A MONOPOLY IS.

"This Transcontinental Quick Dispatch is a soulless, swindling, grinding monopoly, isn't it?" asked Old Tyson. "You bet your life that's just what it is," replied Old Gunnybags; "I've been trying to get into that concern for three years or more, and not a dollar of stock will they sell at any figure. Won't let me have a smell. There ought to be some way to get at these fellows in the courts. They're afraid to let an honest man into their rascally ring."

A BED FULL OF CRACKER CRUMBS.

An exchange says, "Europe is sleeping on bayonets." It is well for Europe since she has to lie on such a bed, that she can go to sleep. In this country that crying to sleep on a bed of bayonets would regard a Mexican cactus as an elder down quilt.

HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS BUYING.

A Chicago drummer, returning from a trip through Iowa, says, "You can find whisky in almost everything you buy in that state." Well-er-ah-just one moment, brethren, before we decide the case against Prohibition Iowa on the evidence of this witness. You will bear in mind that the Chicago drummer never buys anything unless he is dead sure that it has whisky in it. The jury may now retire.

IN DEAD EARNEST.

"Janet," said her mother, "Young Mr. Piebiter comes to the house now very frequently, and often stays very late; have you any reason to think his intentions are serious?" "I should think so," she replied, "he says he has no conversational powers, and so he wants to sing all the time, and he knows nothing but church music. Serious? I should groan."

ALL HOLLOW, HOLLOW, HOLLOW.

Mistaking the door young Mr. Cipher walked into the dentist's office instead of the doctor's. "Doctor," he groaned, "I'm in a bad shape. My head aches all the time and I can't do anything with it." "Yes, yes," said Dr. Toothaker cheerfully. "I see; big cavity in it; must be hollow; you'll need to have it filled." And seeing his mistake, young Mr. Cipher apologized and went out and told it all around as a capital good joke on the dentist.

FADING AWAY.

"Don't see so much of you lately as we used to, Dick." "No, no; fact is, I reckon you don't see quite so much of me; you see I've been a little short this month."

JUST THE THING.

"Want a picture for your dining-room, eh?" said the dealer. "Yes," replied the landlady, "and don't give me some gluttonous subject that will disgust the boarders. Let me see something pretty and appropriate." "Certainly, ma'am; here's the very thing—'The Death of St. Malachi.'" "How did he die?" "He was starved to death."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE STRANGER WAS LOADED,

And When the Boys Discovered it They Threw Him Out Bodily.

A cadaverous looking gentlemen, with a huge mustache and a very long nose, has been successfully playing a confidence game for the last two weeks. He operated only in places where there were automatic, nickel-movement weighing scales. Young men of sporting proclivities and bartenders with positive opinions were his victims. Saturday afternoon fate overtook him. It was just about 2 o'clock when he sauntered into a Clark street resort in which a crowd of down-town rounders were drinking. In the place stood one of the weighing machines. The cadaverous gentleman ordered a glass of beer, and engaged the bartender in conversation. Pretty soon he got his back over toward the dial-faced scales, and remarked:

"Them scales is a rank robbery. They ain't no good."

"That's where you're off," replied the dispenser of drinks. "Them is the most correct scales in the world."

"Oh, come off the roof," chastely responded the stranger. "Why, I'd almost be willing to bet them scales would mark 180 pounds for me."

"Make it the drinks?" queried the bartender.

"Yes; drinks for the 'house.' Besides that, I'll bet a couple of silver 'slugs' on the outside."

"Take off your overcoat when you stand on the scales?" inquired a bystander.

"Yes."

"I'll take you, then, for $3," said one of the party.

"All right," cheerfully assented the thin man, whipping off his overcoat.

He then stepped on the scales and deposited a nickel. Sure enough, the hand on the dial spun around to the 180-pound notch and stopped.

"You see, the scales ain't any good," cheerfully remarked the stranger, peering on the surprised crowd. "Besides, I weigh more than you thought. I did."

"Great Scott, but I should say you did," remarked a man in the crowd. Then he leaned over and felt the heavy little man's legs. As he did so, a puzzled expression stole over his face, while the stranger became ghastly pale.

"Great guns," exclaimed the inquisitive man. "Boys, this fellow is wearing drawers made out of stove pipe lined with lead. He's skinned us, though."

The stranger protested, but the crowd grabbed him and began an examination. Sure enough the calves of his legs were wrapped in sheet lead. All bets were declared off, and the heavy man was escorted to the rear door. As he stepped out the bartender reached for him with his foot. The next instant he was limping behind the bar, while the stranger disappeared with a mocking laugh.

"I might have known that fellow has boiler iron in the seat of his trowsers," explained the bartender.—*Chicago News.*

Clarence Tumbled.

"For goodness sake, Clarence," exclaimed a Chicago girl to her lover, "which side of the street do you take when you meet a goat?"

"When I meet a goat?" stammered the young man, laying down his fork. "Why, I take the opposite side of the street, to be sure."

"I thought so," continued the girl with an inopportune laugh; "you never pass the butter."

The remainder of luncheon was eaten in silence.

Might be Happy All Around.

Husband—If you only had the ability to cook as mother used to I would be happy, dear.

Wife—And if you only had the ability to make money enough to buy things to cook, as your father used to, I, too, would be happy, dear.

The Mother-in-Law, Probably.

Fond mother with baby—He does look so like his father, doesn't he?

Mr. B.—Yes, but I shouldn't mind that, as long as he is healthy.

Miscellany.

"COLOGNE SPIRITS."

The Concentrated Essence of Drunkenness —How "Old Whisky" is Made.

Illinois makes more whisky than any other state in the Union. She turns out nearly 25 million gallons a year, while Kentucky makes but fifteen million gallons. The Illinois distilleries run about the same all the year round, while the Kentucky fellows shut down in the summer. It would be more nearly correct to say that Illinois makes more spirits than any other state, for really very little of the article that is turned out from the distilleries of the state is whisky.

Pretty much all that the big distilleries now make is known to the trade as "cologne spirits." This article is about the same as alcohol, except that it is even more absolute in its purity than alcohol. When these big distilleries that make this cologne spirits begin running off the products of their huge mash tubs they run the first part as alcohol. It has a slight tinge of color and is not as absolute in its purity as that which follows later on.

The operator watches the stream of liquor as it comes from the tub, and as he sees it becomes absolutely pure turns it into another tank, and it is termed cologne spirits. This is the highest grade of distilled spirits, so pure that it is absolutely colorless and odorless. It is concentrated drunkenness, and when it is wanted to be transformed into whisky it is reduced to about one-half its strength with water, some burnt sugar put in to give it a color, some glucose added to make it smooth and oily, like old whisky, and it passes for the real old article. Many a supposed connoisseur has smacked his lips over alleged 26-year-old whisky and pronounced it the finest in the country, when in reality the article he was complimenting was cologne spirits only a month old, flavored with glucose and burnt sugar.—*Chicago Journal.*

"Americanisms."

"Americanisms" is the name applied by Bartlett to that peculiar form of the English language used in the United States in variation from the stardard of the mother country. A writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says:

Americanisms are of various kinds, viz.: First, new words, such as "sparse," "township," "caucus." Secondly, old English words in new meaning, as "block," meaning the land or houses enclosed between four streets in a town of city; "realize," meaning to conceive as actual, and "section," meaning a square mile of land. Thirdly, words which were provincial in England adopted in general American use, as "wilt," for "wither." Fourthly, words which have retained in America the meaning they had in England several hundred years ago, while in the latter country the meaning has been changed. The word "stick" is an example of this. Fifthly, words preserved in American use, which have become obsolete in England; such as "tarry," "freshet." Sixthly, new methods of pronunciation, such as "ew" and "u" like "oo" in "constitution," "newspaper." Seventhly, new methods of accentuation, as "episcrean" instead of the English "episcurean." It may be said that many Americanisms current in the Southern, Western and Middle states are not used in New England, where the language, at least as written, approximates more closely to that of the mother country. In Canada the usages is still nearly to the English standard. Appleton's "American Cyclopedia," from which this explanation is partially taken, gives a list of Americanisms, of which the following are the most popular examples:

Autumn, baggage, bogus, brash, breadstuffs, buggy, buncombe, calico, caption, clever, creek, creole, dead-beat, dry goods, fix, freshet, frock, gallowses, gerrymander, go-ahead, hack, hold on, homely, hardware merchant (or hardware dealer), improved land, loafer, loan, lobby, lobby members, lobby through, log-roll, lot, lumber, mail, molasses, notify, necessitates, nightfall, obligate, obnoxious, pipelaying (fraudulent voting), plank, plead, politician, pond, pasted up, railroad, rapids, reliable, ride, river, roll, rooster, school, slick, sleigh, span, stage, stall, stoop, stone, suspender, talented, tavern, tenement-house, ticket, transient, venison wagon, waiter, wharves, woods.

How the Poor Live in in Italy.

A marvelous degree of economy is practiced even in the smallest details. Coffee-grounds from the wealthy man's kitchen are dried and resold to the poor. In a similar way oil is twice and sometimes thrice thrown into the frying pan after an excessive frying being gathered from the pan and sold to the poor. Old shoes, hats, clothes, candle-ends, dried coffee-grounds, "second-hand" oil, and a hundred other articles are spread out upon the broad stones of the piazza (or square) of a town—and it is here to a great extent that the Italian workman produces his supplies. A workman in Rosario after excessive frying being gathered from the pan and sold to the poor. Old shoes, hats, clothes, candle-ends, dried coffee-grounds, "second-hand" oil, and a hundred other articles are spread out upon the broad stones of the piazza (or square) of a town—and it is here to a great extent that the Italian workman produces his supplies. A workman in Rosario after a successful tr

Recent Literature.

"Brazil, Its Condition and Prospects," by C. C. Andrews, is brought out by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The author has had the advantage of a considerable residence in an official capacity in the country of which he writes, when he studied it in its various aspects—political, social, business and religious. The many revolutions in the South American states have given an unfavorable impression of the country to the people of the United States, but there are many things to be learned of them which would modify the judgment. Especially is this true of Brazil, a nation of 13,000,000 inhabitants, and the present volume tells of many of them to the reader. The description of what the author saw and learned is given in a bright way that is very entertaining.

The third volume of "The Greville Memoirs," which, as the reading public is aware, is a journal of the reign of Queen Victoria, by the late C. F. Greville, and edited by Henry Reeve, is also issued by the Appletons. The present volume records the history from 1852 to 1860, which includes the re-establishment of the French Empire, describes the Imperial Court, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the Italian War, all of which are treated of in a masterly manner. The story is told in the same half conversational style of the author in the two former volumes which adds to its interest and air of reality.

The Appletons also publish "Life and Labors of the Rev. W. E. Boardman," by Mrs. Boardman, with a preface by the Rev. Mark Guy Pearce. The story of the life of this indefatigable worker in the field of Christianity is told in a vivid and picturesque way, showing that the whole heart of the writer was in her subject. The trials through which they passed in order to do good to their fellow men are detailed very graphically, and none can read without being convinced that here was a man whose own pleasure and comfort was as nothing in his thoughts when compared to the power of showing others the way of Life.

"Margaret of Angouleme, Queen of Navarre," by A. Mary F. Robinson, is one of the series of "Famous Women" issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston. The story of this woman, noted for her literary attainments, her beautiful face and form, and her rare grace of manner, is full of absorbing interest. But the book is rather designed to show that lasting character of her influence than to simply describe her own personalty, and that the author has succeeded wonderfully well in doing in the limits of so small a volume. The book is a pleasant addition to the series.

"Principles of Art," by John C. Van Dyke, Librarian of the Sage Library, New Brunswick, N. J., is issued by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. It is divided into two parts, the first "Art in History," and the second, "Art in Theory." The work is a continued argument, a philosophy, the chief aim of which seems to be to prove that painting is not an art dependent upon the senses alone for its effects, but an expressive art, calculated to convey ideas to the mind through the eyes. There is a wealth of history and art criticism in the book, aside from the argument, which will well repay the reading. The style is pure, direct, intelligible, without complication or inversion, and full of a kind of vigorous life which bears the reader along in entire freedom from the weariness which is so apt to be a part of theoretical treatises on any philosophical subject.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, comes "Professor Johnny," by the well known and popular Jak, author of "Birchwood," "Riverside Museum," etc. The book opens with what might have been an alarming accident, had it not been warded off by Johnny's presence of mind, and it gave an opportunity for a lecture upon chemistry, which proved very interesting. The whole book is made up of useful lessons told in the author's bright, entertaining way. It is a good book for the young folks.

From the Appletons come in paper covers two books, the one "A Zealot in Tulle," by Mrs. Wildrick, an interesting story, and the other, "The Master of the Ceremonies," by George Manville Fenn, author of "Double Cunning," etc., an English story full of incident and thrilling interest. Each will be sent by the publishers for 50 cents.

Literary Notes.

It is reported in Boston that Mr. James Russell Lowell has practically edited the letters for the April *Scribner*.

Lady Blennerhassett is writing a new biography of Mme. de Stael, having occupied twelve years in collecting material for the book.

Will Carleton's "Experiences of a Public Lecturer," will constitute the literary autobiography for the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Prof. W. D. Whitney, who is the highest American authority on this subject, will have in the next number of *The Century* a paper on the Veda, including translations from the original.

The highest price ever paid for a book in Germany was $1,650. That sum was given the other day at Cologne for a copy of the original Latin edition of the "Letters of Columbus," printed in 1493.

Mr. Cable has written divers stories for that prospering magazine, *The Cosmopolitan*. Mr. T. B. Roe has contributed to the same periodical an account of "How I came to write my first novel."

The *Atlantic Monthly* has secured a gem of good workmanship in the serial entitled "The Second Son," the joint work of Mrs. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich, which is steadily increasing in interest.

Mr. Dawson, formerly librarian of the Senate at Washington, and an intimate friend of the late John A. Logan, is writing a life of the general. He receives assistance from Mrs. Logan. The book will be published in Chicago.

Walter Scott, London, will publish in the course of the spring a volume of selected stories by the late Philip Bourke Marston. The book will be entitled "For a Song's Sake," and will have an introductory memoir by Mr. William Sharp.

It is said that Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn" is and always was a rather poor place. Lissoy, near Auburn, was the scene of "The Vicar of Wakefield;" and Goldsmith's brother in-law, Mr. Hodson, was, it is said, the original of the portrait.

The complete novel in the April *Lippincott's* will be "Douglas Duane," by Edgar Fawcett. It is described as a weird and unique tale in the style which Stevenson and Rider Haggard are working so effectually. Mr. Fawcett himself thinks it one of the best things he has ever done.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish next week, in two volumes, "New York" in the excellent series of *American Common-wealths*. It is written by Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, of the Utica *Herald*, who certainly has the ability, knowledge, experience, and state pride to produce a very valuable work.

It is reported that the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent" is none other than Mrs. Kirk, the accomplished wife of the former editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, who, under the name of E. W. Olney, published, with the Lippincott's, the two fine stories, "Love in Idleness" and "Through Winding Ways."

Scribner & Welford will publish in this country Robert Buchanan's new book, "A Look Round Literature," which has just been issued in London. The author, always a free lance in literature, exhibits, it is said, even more than usual independence in this work, and many of his criticisms are as striking as they are new and conventional.

—Dr. Griffith Chemical Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., will mail every reader of BLADE one package to make one quart Ta-Va-Zon Liniment. "The King" for man or beast, retails $5, on receipt of $1 with this coupon; or $1 package Lung Cough Syrup for 50 cents.

She Found Them at Last.

At the close of a prayer meeting in one of Troy's churches recently, says the *Times* of that city, a lady who had reached the vestibule on her way out missed one of her rubber overshoes. She went back and searched for it. Several friends assisted. The overshoe could not be found. As the search was about to be abandoned the lady made the discovery that she had put both rubbers on one foot, one over the other.

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering upon its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, and we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to C. Gilmore, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

A BISHOP'S POPULARITY.

Stirring Story of the Montana of Twenty Years Ago.

About a score of years ago, before the railroad had crossed the Rocky Mountains, Bishop Tuttle was sent as a missionary to the Northwestern territories. The good bishop might well have been appalled at the first view of his diocese. It was an empire in extent, but it barely afforded him a single congregation. Afterward, when he had planted the church in a few of the chief centers of population, he had congregations 1,000 miles apart, requiring weeks of painful and dangerous travel to reach them, for the hostile savages held sway on the plains, while bandits, more daring than the savages, and no less bloodthirsty, infested every mountain pass through which the lines of travel led.

But never was a man better fitted by nature and grace for his high mission. Of heroic stature, in every physical sense a man among men, he had a heart for every fate and a courage and resolution equal to any demand. His hand, strong as a giant's, was soft and white as a woman's, and more than once he had made some insolent and sacrilegious brute feel its might, but far oftener it has wrought sweet charity and tenderly nursed the sick and brought comfort to the dying, to rough men in lonely cabins in the wild mountain gorges, bereft of woman's care. He entered into the lives of the people and made their troubles his own, and when the rude mountaineers, as they presently did, came to know this strong, brave and gentle man, his fame went through the mountains and he became the beloved bishop.

The city of Helena, if it can be called a city, with its rabble of rough huts, tents and hovels, crowding a gulch between two high shoulders of a giant peak, and climbing up the steep slopes to perch on rocky ledges and platforms, was the metropolis of the northern mountains. One winter morning, soon after midnight, fire broke out among some shanties in the upper end of the gulch. The mountains were white with snow; a small rivulet which meandered among the rock was locked in ice, while a biting blast blew down from the mountains, and, sweeping through the gorge, soon fanned the fire into a conflagration. Men rushed to the scene with buckets and blankets. There was no fire brigade and no other apparatus for fighting the flames. Everything was confusion, and the raving of the gale, the roar of the flames and the shoutings of men supplemented the frantic exertions of the people to save their property, and, in many cases, to escape with their lives from the fiery furnace into which the narrow canon that held the fated town had been converted.

Finally, when many residences, hotels and shops of all sorts had been swept away, and the fire had invaded that quarter where were situated the large warehouses in which were stored the chief stock of provisions and necessaries, the bulk, indeed, of the supply for the whole territory, the situation seemed desperate enough. The people realized that here was the last rally of deliverance to be made. A thousand miles of plain and mountain, buried deep in the snow, lay between the people and the burning town and any other source whence the necessaries of life could be drawn. In one moment these people were confronted with the present horrors of conflagration, to be inevitably succeeded by starvation, amid the rigors of a Northern winter.

When it has been realized that to save the town was impossible, every energy was bent to the work of saving the magazines of provisions, and a few brave spirits had organized a defense and had gathered the populace for a last struggle. The plan of operations was simple enough. It was to cover the precious houses with blankets and keep them wet. A few daring men were to maintain themselves on the house-tops, while the others were to pass up unceasingly water in buckets, masses of ice torn from the mountains, and huge balls of snow. The men on the roof must brave fire, smoke and the freezing wind. To falter was defeat; to retreat was ruin. There was no faltering in the desperate struggle, and finally the battle was won.

Morning had come, and with it the sun, which, as it shoulder of the mountain, gilded the forms of three men who stood high on the parapet of the building where the fire had been stopped. They were the chiefs, self chosen, to lead in the conflict, but acknowleged and obeyed by the populace, who instinctively recognized their supremacy. These three men, with almost fiendish begrimed and blackened with smoke, their hair and beards singed, their hands torn and bloody, their hats torn away by the wind, and their clothing ragged and awry, and with the fire of battle in their eyes, and grim and stern lines of resolution on their faces, were terrible, almost ferocious. They looked at the marching column when the baseless people below; then they turned and saluted each other, the two at the extremes regarding their companion in the center as if in some sort he was their superior. It was at this moment that the rising sun shone upon the trio, gilding and glorifying them, while the multitude below gave a great shout, recognizing, as it were, their deliverers.

Who were these men? They were well known in the mountains if not immediately recognized in the disfigurement of battle. The one on the right was Bitter Root Bill, otherwise William Bunkerly, a noted desperado, who got his sobriquet from a daring adventure with the Indians in the Bitter Root mountains. The man on the left was Gentle Joe, a leading gambler. His real name was Joseph Flowerce, said to be from an aristocratic Virginia family. He was a handsome fellow of 30, well educated and so well known for his courteous deportment that the public appreciation had crystallized into a title. The figure in the center, taller, more erect and heroic looking than the other, who had greeted them as their chief, was no less than Pan Tuttle, Bishop of Montana and Northwest. In the crisis of desperate turmoil these three men had gravitated to each other and had risen to the leadership.

The good bishop was soon at the height of popularity. The mountaineers had tested his manhood and they were ready to love and trust him. His friendship and counselor he proved to be, and the popular verdict was solemnly announced by Mr. William Bunkerly when he declared:

"He's full jeweled and eighteen karats fine. He's a better man than Joe Flowerce; he's the biggest and best bishop that ever wore a black gown, and the whitest man in these mountains. He's a fire fighter from way back, and whenever he chooses to go a brimstone raid among the sinners in this gulch he can do it, and I'll back him with my pile. He is the best bishop, and you hear me howl."—*Correspondence St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

CALLING THE BOY TO TEA.

The Other Side of the Old Story, and as True as Gospel.

She came to the door, and in the blandest of tones called "Sammy," but there was no answer. She waited a bit, and then she raised her voice a little and "Sam-mee" floated out on the air in that peculiar intonation, the long-drawn rise on the first syllable and the lingering decadence on the last syllable that only a woman can give, and to which the average man could no more attain than he could button his boots with a hairpin. She leaned out by the corner of the house and listened. She could hear the boys down at the brook screaming and chattering, but they took no notice of her calls. She was a little riled. She gathered herself up for a mighty effort, and once more that "Sammee" rose and fell through the deepening twilight like the wail of a banshee. Then she snapped out, "You'll see what you'll git when you git here, young man," but the young man was busily covering a thin place in the ice with snow so the other boy would go in and wet his feet when he stepped on it. He couldn't indulge in speculations as to what he would get in the dim future; he was getting too much fun now.

She was mad, and she sang out, "If you ain't up here in one minute, sir, I'll be down there after you." The other boy looked a little uneasy and wanted to know if Sammy hadn't better go up, to which Sammy returned: "Naw, d'ye 'spose she'll wet her feet comin' out here in this snow? Jes' see me plug that icicle over." The figure at the door stood irresolute, but she had on her best slippers. She tried a warning: "Supper's ready, sir, and your father'll be here directly," and then the door slammed and peace brooded over the scene. "Jes' tell me if you see father's hat around the corner," said Sam to the other boy, while both redoubled their efforts at molding snowballs. In about three minutes the hat appeared, and directly after a man stopped on the door stone and said, "Sam—supper," and before the words had fairly left his lips Sam was standing on his head in his eagerness to get "up t' the house before the door could close, and a gray-headed man walking along the street wiped a tear out of the corner of his eye, and said he hadn't had such a glimpse back at his own boyhood for a year.—*Lewiston Journal.*

—"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer." Don't neglect your cough. If you do your fate may be that of the countless thousands who have done likewise, and who to-day fill consumptives' graves. Night-sweats, spitting of blood, weak lungs and consumption itself if taken in time can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." This wonderful preparation has no equal as a remedy for lung and throat diseases. All druggists.

DEAD PITHOLE CITY.

One of the Greatest Oil Cities in the World—Its Greatness is Departed Forever.

In the annals of oildom the place which Pithole holds is a unique one. When Thomas H. Brown came up from Oleopolis to the future site of Pithole, Pennsylvania, and guided by his sprig of witch-hazel located on the stony farm of John Holenden the first of the wells that were to make both of them millionaires, he found himself among a rude and primitive people. Their wants were few and easily satisfied. On their stony, sterile farms only enough was raised for a bare subsistence. The women and children raised eggs, dug ginseng and picked berries, which they exchanged at the village store for calico, powder, tobacco and snuff. The schools were few and far between and the boys and girls grew up unable to read and write and ignorant of the world without. Tom Brown's twig of witch-hazel made many of them rich, and scores to whom a $5 bill a year before would have been a fortune, found themselves in possession of tens of thousands.

The Frazier well, the pioneer of Pithole, struck the bottom of the sand January 8, 1865. It started off at 250 barrels a day, and six months later the daily output was still over 200 barrels. Oil at that time sold at $8 a barrel and the owners of the well were looked upon as assured millionaires, while the newspapers were filled with details of the derricks that were studded the ground not a timber remained. The place was as rough, barren and uninviting as it was 25 years ago. Even the fissure in the rocks which gave the city its name has been filled up and all traces of it have disappeared. The destruction of Sodom was not more complete than that of Pithole.

THE MUSIC OF TALK.

Key Notes to Which People Ordinarily Pitch Their Conversation.

Sentences are spoken in a certain musical key, and are mostly begun on the fifth or dominant of the scale of the keynote, from which they descend in seconds or thirds or other intervals to the keynote, and, maybe, down the lower dominant. Or they begin on the keynote and rise to the dominant, or they ascend from the dominant to the octave, and to the ninth and tenth. Many expressions are begun on the sixth as on a leading tone to the dominant. The voice moves mostly up and down in the principal scale and chord, and in their relative harmonics, rarely dwells on introducing tones from above or below to a tone of any of these chords.

Every person has his own fundamental and favorite key in which he speaks, but which he often transposes higher or lower in sympathy to other voices, and he is excited. In divine service, at church, I have heard the minister begin in his natural key, and the choir sing the response in a higher key, when the minister, possessing a musical ear, gradually rose to the tone of the choir. In one instance the minister began the communion service in E flat and the choir and organ gave the response in F. The minister gradually raised his voice, and by the fourth commandment met the tone of the choir, wherein he continued to the end.

In ordinary conversation the different voices speak in the key of B flat, B or C, persons with soprano or tenor voices moving in the upper part of the scale, and the alto and bass voices holding to the lower part of the same, and the replies turning often to the dominant or sub-dominant.

Friendly conversation keeps mostly to the keynote, the principal person of the circle, who at the time gives not only moral and social tone, but also the musical tone to all around him, and if any one of the company would speak in a different tone, he would be out of tune and out of countenance with the others. When we read by ourselves we speak in C or in B flat, or lower still; but when we read to others we raise our voice to the fourth or fifth of our own key, that is to G or F or E flat.—*Longman's Magazine.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Advantageous in Dyspepsia.

Dr. G. V. DORSEY, Piqua, Ohio, says: "I have used it in dyspepsia with very marked benefit. If there is deficiency of acid in the stomach, nothing affords more relief, while the action on the nervous system is decidedly beneficial."

What's in a Name?

"It is a good thing that some of the projected railroads are not built," said a conductor; "for instance, how would the St. Louis, Omaha & Western, which was incorporated a few weeks ago, sound after the railway boys had nicknamed it according to its initials? It would be a 'slow' road, for sure. It is a fact that some years ago a railroad was incorporated with the name, 'Detroit, Elkhart & Terre Haute.' Of course, the boys had it nicknamed 'The Death Road' before the ink on the incorporation papers had dried. The road was never built."—*Chicago Herald.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

No Cause for an Argument.

She (whispering)—You gave yourself away.

He—I gave nothing away.

She—That's what I said.

—The correct way is to buy goods from the manufacturer when possible. The Elkhart Carriage and Harness Co., of Elkhart, Indiana, have no agents. They make first-class goods, ship anywhere, privilege to examine. See advertisement.

"THE SILENT PARTNER."

A Lesson to Men About Their Wives—What a Good Wife Really Is.

In many a firm, with only single name or even with a double name, there is a silent partner. He lends his capital or his credit; he gives the counsel of long business experience, but he never appears to the public except in a modest notice of the co-partnership or under the uninforming name of "company." These mercantile partnerships are not the only associations where there is a silent partner. They are frequently formed in youth and formed for life. A magnificent structure of fame, of renown, even of wealth, may be erected, and the success achieved be wholly attributed to the name on the sign which the world can read; to the active, bustling member of the firm who is always at the front of the establishment; who sells its wares, who comes in contact with the people; who is associated with every enterprise and applauded for every great stroke that it makes. But back of it all stands the silent partner.

In the splendid life work accomplished by Beecher, he is now in the literal sense of the words the silent partner. But up to last week the brave, quiet, steadfast woman on whom all eyes are now turned was for 50 years the silent partner of the concern. How much of its success was due to her, it is impossible to compute. From what blunders and errors her good sense and less impulsive nature may have saved him can only be guessed by counting those which, in spite of her restraint, his impulsive nature succeeded in perpetrating. But more than that probably he owes a large measure of his achievement to her thousand thoughtful attentions and cares; his health to her skillful feeding of him; his leisure for work to her making herself disliked and censured by standing between him and the public, who are always flocking about a famous man and eating away his time; to her strong, sensible temper, which more than once strengthened his own judgment and protected his masculine vanity from the fumes of flattery, which ascends as an acceptable offering to the hero and demigod which many delight in making of distinguished and popular men.

They often have a hard time of it—these silent partners, trying to keep up with their dashing consorts. They are the serviceable vehicle that has to follow the spirited animal wherever it goes, bounding over the rough places in life, jumping out of the beaten paths, shying and running and galloping away with many a snort of impatience, perhaps at the lumbering, hampering attachment from which it cannot get free. But it is the proud steed's salvation, notwithstanding. It keeps them straight, it makes them useful.

These silent partners are in these modern times becoming more and better known. They are the "mascots" of many a great man, are so recognized. Mrs. Disraeli, Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Hendricks are only a few of this gracious and beneficent sisterhood to whom the world owes more than can be reckoned, for what it is accustomed to credit to the active, ostentatious and prominent personages of those happy partnerships.

Private life as well as public life abounds with them. In many a home there goes fourth to the counting-house, the lawyer's office, the pulpit, the judge's court, the hundreds of occupations, an influence not only of love and devotion, but of affection seasoned and toned by the strong, wholesome common sense, the wordly shrewdness, the foresight and insight, the corrective judgement and the deserved admonition of "the silent partner."—*Detroit Journal.*

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

Anecdotes of Bright and Interesting Children Culled from Exchanges.

A tiny baby made its appearance on Cass avenue the other day. It was a very small baby. The children after a time were invited in to see it. They looked at it carefully, but it was evident that they were not very favorably impressed with the new comer. After a long silence, the eldest of the two said: "If I'd known papa hadn't pennies 'nuff to get a big baby, I'd lent him some of my pennies that's in my bank."

"Yes, and get a fite one, and not a yed, yed brudder," said another voice.—*Detroit Tribune.*

There is something very beautiful in the faith of childhood. It was the morning of the last day of the carnival when a 7-year-old boy, in St. Anthony hill family, was singing around in the house, in an unusually happy spirit. "What makes my baby boy so bright to-day?" inquired the mother. "Oh, 'tis 'cause I asked God two weeks ago to made sister Mary well and not let me have the measles till the carnival was over. This is the last day of the carnival, and I guess God 'membered what I said to him."—*St. Paul Globe.*

A little 4-year-old girl of Kingston is troubled with a very bad temper. It must be said to her credit that she tries very hard to control it, as the following will show: The other day, feeling her temper get the best of her while playing with her cousin, she ran to her grandmother and said: "Grandma, I feel like I'm back numb again; now I'll shut my eyes and open my mouth and you spank me on my hinder-post and make him fly out."—*Kingston, N. Y., Leader.*

It was another bright little 5-year-old member of a College avenue family, whose sister had been ill. Just as Sammie was about to kneel for his evening prayer he heard the sick sister tell that she thought she was much better, and thought she would be able to be up the next day. Contrary to his usual custom, the little brother omitted the sick sister's name in the petition for a blessing on the various members of the family. In explanation of the omission the distressed mother, chanced sadly, "I was going to ask God to bless her, but she said she was going to get well, anyhow, so I thought she didn't need the blessing."—*St. Paul Globe.*

In a Denver Sunday school a few weeks ago the superintendent was talking to the little ones about the plagues of Egypt.

"Now," said he, "can you tell me what the plagues were?"

There were prompt answers and all but one of the plagues were named. The last one was too much for the school. Thinking to help out the children by suggestion the superintendent said:

"Don't you remember the other? Of course you know what Job had?"

A little hand went up.

"Well, Tommy, what was it?"

"Patience!" piped Tommy.

He was given a "reward of merit."—*Denver Republican.*

A young Burlington miss was asked a day or two since whether the whale was a fish or animal, and said, as all Burlington misses would, that it was an animal. When asked why, she said that it "was a hog when it swallowed Jonah whole."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Now, Gen'ral, you're posted; come, give us your views.
In a brush at the front what's the powder to use?"
He winked at a star as he puffed his cigar,
And slowly replied, "*In a brush at the front*
I never use powder, but—SOZODONT."

Rather Rough, but Probably True.

Something very unpleasant occurred to Gus Snobberly, a dude, at a fashionable New York restaurant, and he will go there no more. The large room was crowded with people, most of whom knew Gus, so he sailed in and, imperious voice:

"Waitaw, I ordered some brains a while ago, but I've not got them yet. I see you have fried oysters. Bring me a dozen when you fetch the brains."

"A dozen fried oysters for the man who hasn't got any brains yet," called out the waiter, in a voice that could be heard by everybody in the dining room.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Wonderful Machine and Offer.

To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. No labor or washboard. The best in the world. If you want one, write now to THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Dey St., N. Y.

An Early Bird.

Bright and early the other day—so early that it seemed to the head of the house that he had just fallen asleep—he was awakened by a vision of a white flannel nightgown, a fair face above it, with fairest hair encircling that, big blue eyes and a rosy mouth, with one white finger thrust falteringly between the lips, standing by his bedside.

"What is it, Margherita?"

"It—it's—it's morning in my room, papa!"

It was morning throughout the house after that.—*Boston Transcript.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THE question of a return to the old style of knee-breeches by gentlemen is being agitated, and Toledo is promised that a score or more of her young men shall make their appearance clothed in this manner sometime in the near future. One of the strong arguments urged in favor of the change is the entire freedom they will have from the mud and slop incident to certain seasons of the year, the effects of which they can avoid only by turning up the bottoms of their nether garment, sufficiently high to be out of reach of soil or stain from the aforesaid disagreeables. It is a good thing, and women will not object to it, or hurl ridicule at the wearers. Now, if the masculine sex would be as considerate when their wives and sisters talk of shortening their dresses, or adopting a more convenient style in order to be relieved from inconveniences which are far worse than they have to encounter, there might be hope of a better day dawning for womankind in general—far better so far as health and comfort are concerned.

JUST watch the average woman walking in a wind and rain storm. Her skirts dip as she goes into every puddle of mud and water that she is obliged to pass through, and in the unsanitary condition of the streets they cannot be avoided. These same skirts bind the instruments the Creator gave her for locomotion so that she waddles like a duck, or any other web-footed animal. This when the wind does not blow. Let it get up a gust, and she finds herself wrapped around by bonds which will require all of her strength to overcome. A long, heavy cloak will be likely to add to her burdens, and over this a waterproof, which will inflate and give her a balloon-like appearance that is anything but graceful. Then, with umbrella in hand, which she clutches with a clutch like that of grim Death, and a package or two that have a fiendish desire to slip to the ground at every step, she worries along, envying the man who passes her magnificently by, utterly indifferent to mud and water. Yes, knee-breeches will be a good thing for men and shorter skirts would be a good thing for women, but the millenium has not dawned yet.

HERON-ALLEN, the palmist, is described as a very fascinating, boyish-looking, gentlemanly appearing young man, who was a correspondent of a London paper during the Bulgarian war. He tells, says a New York letter to the Hartford *Courant*, the following story of a bit of personal experience:

Being comrade confided to him that he had been engaged to a young girl, who, believing him false, through the misstatements of his rival, married that rival in a fit of pique. On his death bed he urged Mr. Allen to go to the girl, and tell her the whole truth. He executed his trust, found her happy enough as people go, but burning with indignation against the lover who had played her false. He left the question to decide—a Lady and the Tiger question—would the happiness of knowing she had always been loved by the dead sweetheart, outweigh the pain of a disclosure of the perfidy of her husband? Man like, Mr. Allen took the practical view of the question, and in her got on hating the memory of the dead, and taking what comfort was left her in attaching herself to the living.

IT seems that Mr. Heron-Allen's hearers did not all agree with him as to his duty in the premises. The men approved, but the women disapproved. She should have had the truth at any cost they said, should have been given back faith in her early love. Evidently these New York women did not believe in blissful ignorance. The truth, at all hazards, they would demand, even though it destroyed their confidence in the man whom they had vowed to love, honor and obey through all time. Perhaps they thought that any one who had committed so contemptible a wrong would have already proved himself unworthy, even if the world knew it not, and it would give the once deceived wife opportunity to know that her earlier love had not been false to her, but loved on until his dying hour. The salad-server is wondering what Toledo women think about the matter.

A WASHINGTON society belle has come to grief. She was supposed to be a youthful debutante, but the unfortunate thing is she is several years older than was thought, and has actually been twice engaged! Her parents took her from their home in a suburban town, and had the audacity to palm her off upon the pure (?) minded young men of Washington as a girl ten years younger than she is, and one to whom no love had ever been made. They, therefore, may not have the privilege of breaking the down off of the rosy peach, because, though they knew it not until they were told, it is gone and can not return. What an imposition! What a shameful invasion of their rights! She may be beautiful and wonderfully fair, but be not the fresh young girl her mother claims that she is, these society men, pure of heart and virtuous in action, without guile or blemish, are indignant, and will have none of her. The mortal sin lay—not in the deception—but in being found out. And then it is always a disgrace for a woman to grow old!

MRS. CLEVELAND is, no doubt, a charming woman. That she has also made many friends since she is at the White House is also without question. Yet one cannot but find it in the heart to pity her, when she is shown up as an idiot, by some of her would-be admirers who are attempting to represent her as sweet simplicity entirely unaffected by her high position. For instance, a paragraph is going the rounds about her calling on Mme. Modjeska behind the scenes at the Albaugh theater. The latter took her upon the stage, and it is related with unction that she gave the servicable vehicle that has to follow the spirited animal wherever it goes, bounding over the rough places in life, jumping out of the beaten paths, shying and running and galloping away with many a snort of impatience, perhaps at the lumbering, hampering attachment from which it cannot get free. But it is the proud steed's salvation, notwithstanding. It keeps them straight, it makes them useful.

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SPEAKING of woman's dress calls to mind the declaration of Kate Field, who says that no reform need be looked for unless Queen Victoria or Mrs. Cleveland sets the example. She says a lady might follow the example of the Empress of Austria, who has given instructions that the foreign female dress shall be adopted, thus going to work in a wholesale manner. The Empress, however, has a different sort of women to deal with than those of this country, and Mrs. Cleveland's *flat* might not be obeyed as quickly as her quiet example would be followed. The styles in Japan have been unvarying for hundreds of years, so that any great change would make a complete overturn in the domestic economy. It is whispered that Miss Field intends trying a little innovation at home on her own account.

From Four to Sixty-Four.

A visitor to a school examination in Athens or Rome on a day in the year A. D. 1, might have heard the question asked by the teacher, "How many elements are there in nature?" and the scholars' answer, as found in the books, would have been, "Four—earth, air, fire and water." That answer was as far as science had reached at that time, but diligent research, prosecuted in the intervening ages, has given to the scholar of to-day a different answer. A visitor to a school in London or Paris or Philadelphia would hear the same question replied to by a modern scholar with "sixty-four!" One of the most interesting discoveries made in modern times by delvers into the mysteries of nature is that there is a compound oxygen, Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, of Philadelphia, the physicians who have been for years treating their patients with this remedy, are glad to satisfy the curious in regard to it, and will mail free to any applicant a copy of their treatise of nearly 200 pages, entitled "Compound Oxygen, Its Mode of Action and Results."

Sheep in the Early Days.

"He calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth (from the fold) his own sheep, he goeth before them and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers."—John x. 3-5.

In reference to this passage of scripture, John Chase, in his "Researches in Greece and the Levant," says: "I asked my man if it usual in Greece to give names to sheep. He informed me that it was, and that the sheep obeyed the shepherd when he called them by their names."

I had an opportunity of verifying the truth of this remark. Passing by a flock of sheep, I called the shepherd and put the question which I put to my servant, and he gave me the same answer. I then bade him to call one of his sheep. He did so, and it instantly left its pasturage and companions and ran up to the hand of the shepherd, with signs of pleasure and with that prompt obedience which I had never before observed in any other animal. It is also true of the sheep in this country, that "a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers."

—A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES give sure and immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

THE CAMP FIRE.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A SPOOL OF THREAD.

Well, yes, I lived in Texas, in the spring of '61;
And I'll relate the story, though I fear, sir,
when 'tis done,
'Twill be little worth your hearing, it was such
a simple thing,
Unheralded in rondeaus that the grander poets
sing.

There had come a guest unbidden, at the opening of the year,
To find a lodgment in our hearts, and the tenant's name was Fear;
For Secession's drawing mandate was a call for armed arms,
And each recurring eventide but brought us fresh alarms.

They had notified the General that he must yield to fate,
And all the muniments of war surrender to the State,
But he sent from San Antonio an order to the sea
To convey on board the steamer all the fort's artillery.

Right loyal was his purpose, but the foe divined his plan,
And the wily Texans set a guard to intercept the man
Detailed to bear the message, they placed their watch with care,
That neither scout nor citizen should pass it unaware.

Well, this was rather awkward, sir, as doubt less you will say,
But the Major, who was chief of staff, resolved to have his way,
Despite the watchful provost guard; so he asked his wife to send,
With a little box of knick-knacks, a letter to her friend;

And the missive held one sentence I remember to this day:
"The thread is for your neighbor, Mr. French, across the way."

He dispatched a youthful courier, of course, as you will know,
The Texans searched him thoroughly and ordered him to show
The contents of the letter. They read it o'er and o'er,
But failed to find the message they had hindered once before.

So it reached the English lady, and she wondered at the word,
But gave the thread to Maj. French, explaining that she'd heard
He wished a spool of cotton. And great was his surprise
At such a trifle sent, unasked, through leagues of hostile spies.

"There's some hidden purpose, doubtless, in the curious gift," he said,
Then he tore away the label, and inside the spool of thread
Was Maj. Nichol's order, bidding him convey to sea
All the arms and ammunition from Fort Duncan's battery.

"Down to Brazos speed your horses," thus the major's letter ran,
"Shift our quarters and munitions, and embark them if you can."

Yes, the transfer was effected, for the ships lay close at hand,
Ere the Texans guessed their purpose they had vanished from the land.
Do I know it for a fact, sir? 'Tis no story that I've read,
I was but a boy in war time, and I carried him the thread.

—*Sophie F. Eastman, in N. Y. Independent.*

Gossip Among the Boys.

The 30th Indiana Veterans' association will hold its next annual meeting at New Haven, Allen county, Ind., April 7, 1887. All 30th Indiana boys are invited to be present and become members of the association.

J. S. Hoyt, Co. K, 40th O. V. I., of Fort Recovery, O., writes that he was a volunteer in Co. D, 40th O. V. I., and served three years, during which he was engaged in several of the big battles, including Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, etc. He adds that he has always voted as he shot and would be glad to hear from members of his company through the CAMP FIRE.

Samuel Bishop, of Co. F, 24 Tennessee mounted infantry, of Elizabetaton, Carter county, Tenn., says: "I was a prisoner at Belle Isle for six months and five days, and I want to say to Comrade Dalton that during our confinement there we passed through the jaws of death and the gates of hell; but God spared some of our lives, that we might tell others how we suffered at the hands of the brutes who had charge of us there. During my stay in said island I never came in the prison with a nice fat dog following him. I got the dog in my tent and a comrade stood guard at the tent. I read the President's proclamation to the dog and he retused to take the oath and I killed him. I divided with the soldier who guarded while I skinned the dog, and with Lieut. Smith, now clerk of the Chancery court at this place, and the head I gave to some poor fellow whose name I do not remember.

Love to the boys of the 9th Michigan cavalry.

Bragg's Denunciations.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I feel some of the old fire of war times raging within me to-night as I read Mr. Bragg's speech of February 24th in the debate on the Dependent Pension bill.

Mr. Bragg applies these epithets, "deserters," "coffee coolers," and "bounty jumpers," to ex-Union soldiers.

The bill, he says, would grant pensions to men who had served from December, 1863, to June, 1865. He says, "Who were these men? They were the scum of the earth, they staid at home

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

Faithless Nellie Gray.

Published by Request.]

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg
And the Forty-second Foot!"

Now Ben, he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nellie Gray;
So he went to pay her his devoirs,
When he'd devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nellie Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O Nellie Gray! O Nellie Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave,
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had these timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no foot, some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will break my heart, alas!
You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life it was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot!

So, round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

The Crimea—Heat of the Sun.

J. W. E., Maynardsville, Tenn.:

Will you be so kind as to answer the following questions and oblige an old subscriber, perhaps many others? 1. Who is the author of the light brigade," as so beautifully set to poetry by Alfred Tennyson. Please inform us, if you can, in what war, when, where and by whom was this charge made, and what nation were at war, who led the charge of the noble 600, of what nation were they, and on what nation's troops did they charge? 2. Please inform us whether or not there is such an instrument as enables one to find, while on land, the latitude and longitude of a place, which he had assumed. He then served in the Confederate army, but, being taken prisoner, volunteered into the United States navy, and became a petty officer After the irrepressible Ticonderoga. After the close of the war, he traveled in Turkey and Asia Minor, and, on his way back, went to St. Asaph for the purpose of giving a dinner to the children in the poorhouse where he had once been a pauper child. On reaching America he became connected with the newspaper press, and, as a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, accompanied the British expedition to Abyssinia. In 1869 he was acting as correspondent at Madrid, when the proprietor of the newspaper sent for him to come to Paris, and asked if he would undertake to discover Dr. Livingstone, respecting whose fate there was great anxiety. Stanley at once accepted the task, went to Bombay by way of Palestine and the valley of the Euphrates, and embarked at Bombay for Zanzibar. He collected about 190 followers, with provisions and stores, in May, 1871, and after a toilsome and dangerous march through almost unkown regions, succeeded in obtaining authentic information respecting the lost traveler, and at last met with him at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in November. He accompanied Livingstone on explorations around the northern frontier of the lake, and returned in 1872. He arrived in England, and stated his adventures at the meeting of the British Association at Brighton. The queen presented him with a gold snuff box, set with diamonds, and he received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical society. In 1884 he was commissioned by the proprietors of the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily Telegraph* to continue the work of Livingstone and explore the lake country of equatorial Africa. He left the east coast in November, at the head of 300 men, and the difficulties he had to encounter may be realized by the fact that in three months he had lost 192 men by death or desertion. He succeeded in making most important discoveries respecting Lake Victoria Nyanza and the adjacent country, and was then out of communication for nearly two years. About the end of August, 1877, he appeared on the west coat, at the mouth of the Congo, or Zaire, having succeeded, after terrible sufferings, and almost continued fighting with the natives, in tracing that great river from its hitherto unknown head waters near Lake Tanganyika, to its mouth, and so solving the second great geographical problem respecting the rivers of Africa. 2. Australia first became known to Europeans in the beginning of the 17th century. Though a vague outline of land in this portion of the Southern ocean appears upon the map of some Portuguese navigators dated 1547, the first real discovery was probably made by the Dutch in 1606, when the captain of the yacht Duyfken sent out from Bantam to explore a part of the coast of New Guinea, saw the northern shore of the continent at a distance. In the same year Torres Strait was named from a Portuguese navigator who sailed through it. In 4016, Harteg, a Dutch captain, came upon the west coast of Australia and called it Endrachts land, from the name of his ship. From this time other parts of the west coast were discovered. In 1622 the Leeuwin discovered its southern point, Cape Leeuwin, and shortly after Van Nuysts sailed from that cape on the south coast to Spencer's gulf. De Witt's land and Carpentaria, in North Australia, were also discovered by Dutch traders. Capt. Cook, in 1770, discovered New South Wales and Botany Bay, which was so-called by Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist of the expedition, from the wonderful floral display which its plains afforded. In 1788 the first English colony was established in New South Wales, at first as a penal settlement.

Building and Launching Ships.

J. C. G., Pleasant Ridge, Ind.:

Please give a description of the building of ships and the manner of getting them into the water when built.

A row of blocks four feet or more apart and three feet high, is set in the ground, extending back from the water the proposed length of the ship, and their upper surface is sloping toward it about one degree from the horizontal. On these blocks the timbers which make the keel are laid, fitted together and secured by bolts. On the fore end of the keel is erected the timber on the bow of the vessel, and on the stern post, with its lower end tenoned into the keel. The frames which cross the keel are formed of floor timbers and futtocks. They are put together while in a horizontal position, with the floor timbers laying across the keel, and when so called and bolted together the whole frame is canted up by proper purchases, cross pawls preventing it from spreading. The keelson is a longitudinal timber parallel to the keel, and carrying a plank inside the frame corresponding to that of the keel on the outside. The spaces between the frames are generally filled in solid with white or live oak timber. After the frames are erected they are regulated so as to come square with the keel longitudinally and level transversely. Heavy rib bands are attached to the frames on the outside, and secured by heavy shores. The inside of the ship is then prepared for planking, and knees, clamps and ledges of beams, laying decks, etc. The outside of the frame is covered with plank interlocked with the keel. There still remains a great deal of work for the ship carpenter, laying of decks, planking, etc., before the ship is being ready for launching, two parallel lines of heavy timbers are laid along her length one on each side and continued down into the water until sufficient depth is reached for the vessel to float. The "ways" is about seven-eighths of an inch to the foot for large vessels; small vessels require a little more inclination. The top of each timber is well covered with melted tallow, and upon this, when cold, is added soft soap or oil. On the top along the outer edge a ribbon of hard wood full 5 in. square is fastened down, and braced by a succession of sucres extending back on each side against some solid support in the ground; the object of this ribbon being to prevent any outward deviation of the upper timbers that make the cradle in which the ship is held, as the whole slides down together. This second timber is called the bilge-way. Resting on the ship, the lowest portion being timbers, smooth and well greased on the under side and laid directly on the ways. Between these timbers called the bilgeways and the bottom of the ship everything, the space is filled in regularly with blocks of timber and planks, and toward the bow and stern by short shores, called poppets, set up from the bilgeways to the bottom of the ship, their steadiness being secured by stout planks diagonally fastened along the bottom against the heads of the poppets. Near the stem and stern chains are passed across to hold the cradle together. To bring the weight of the ship upon the cradle long wedges are driven in over the bilge-ways from one or both sides of each of them. The shores at the sides of the ship, which had heretofore sided to sustain her, and the blocks beneath the keel, which took the chief portion of the weight may now be removed, with the exception of a few of the latter under the forward part of the vessel. Two short shores called dog shores are placed one on each side of the vessel to brace from the ways as a fixed point forward against the bilge-ways, and thus prevent the vessel both from sliding too soon. The fore blocks are then split up with wedges and drawn out, letting the whole weight settle down upon the ways. At an order the dog shores are knocked down and the structure begins to move, at first slowly and then with rapidly increasing velocity. In rivers and contracted places the course of the vessel is checked by a hawser made fast on shore, or she is brought up by letting go the anchor.

The Sahara Desert.

W. H. R., Rush Center, Kan.:

Be kind enough to tell me, through the columns of your valuable paper, the cause of the Sahara desert, and as many of the facts connected with it as you can give space for.

The Sahara, the largest desert in the world, occupies an area estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,500,000 square miles. The sterility of the Sahara is largely attributable to the fact that the prevailing northeast and northwest winds which blow over its surface bring it no moisture, having been almost drained of aqueous vapor in their long continental journey over Europe and Asia. On the mountain sands of the Sahara more than they deposit more than they have collected in their brief passage over that sea. When they reach the heated desert beyond, where the absorptive capacity of the air is greatly increased by the excess of temperature, they bear away moisture instead of bringing it, and it is not condensed into rain until it reaches the mountains of Central Asia. The Sahara is probably subject to a higher temperature than any other region on the globe; the thermometer has been known to register 133 degrees F. This terrific heat imparts their dreaded characteristics to the simoons and other similar winds blown off the desert. According to Sir Charles Lyell the Sahara was under water between latitude 20 degrees and 40 degrees N. at one time during the glacial epoch, so that there was water communication between the southern part of the Mediterranean and that portion of the Atlantic ocean now bounded by the west coast of Africa. A project has of late been advocated of reconverting the deeper part of the Sahara, an area of about 120,000 sq. miles, into a sea, by cutting a canal from the Atlantic through the sand hills which form the western border.

Blowing Wells.

A subscriber, Beatrice, Neb., wants some of the BLADE readers to give a reason for the existence of what are called blowing wells. He says there are one or two in his neighborhood that can be heard for half a mile. When the wind is from the north they freeze 80 or 90 feet deep and thaw out when the wind is from the south.

Correspondence.

L. D. Balfour, Carthage, Mo.:

It is impossible for the BLADE to advertise in this column the firm by giving the address you ask for.

W. T. B., Cumberland, O.:

1. How long a time does it require for a book account to be outlawed? 2. Also how long does a promissory note hold good in Ohio?

1. Six years. 2. Fifteen years.

J. J. Ferguson, St. George, W. Va.:

Correspondents will save much time by remembering that information as to books, cost, etc., may be obtained by writing to T. J. Brown, Eagor & Hull, Toledo, O.

M. C. M., New London, Ia.: You do not give data enough to enable us to answer your question about the Holmes's church.

Chas. McS., Lostant, Ill.:

Your father's family may be found doubtless by writing to Hon. J. L. McCaskill, U. S. Consul, Dublin, giving him a full statement of facts as to time your father left Ireland, &c.

Mrs. Henry L., Sanborn, Ind.:

A letter addressed to Hon. Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of Interior, Washington, D. C., will find him. As to getting an answer, that will depend largely on the nature of the letter.

Mrs. M. W. H., Willamette Slough, Ore.:

Has any one a right to compile a book of short stories written by authors now living, giving the names of the authors, when the stories are not copyrighted or marked "reserved rights?"—Yes.

B. J., Zanesville, O.:

Will you please tell me the longest verse in the Bible?

Diligent study of the Holy book will enable you to answer this question for yourself, to say nothing of the additional information obtained.

S. W. W., Cameron, W. Va.:

Where was the first lamp-lighter of the city of New York, and by what authority was he appointed? In 1624 Cornelius Jacobson May was appointed director or governor of the small colony on the island of Manhattan, he being sent over by the Dutch, to whom the Island belonged.

M. W., Twin Springs Ranch, D. T.:

I have a watch made in England by R. Johnstone, London, in 1412; is it the date of the watch, if so, is it correct?

As watches were first made by Peter Hele in Nuremburg, toward the close of the 15th century the 1412 must be the maker's number of the watch.

M. D., Schuyler, Neb.:

If I remember rightly the almanacs formerly gave the rising and setting of the sun on the 21st of March and September, respectively, at exactly six o'clock. Has that been found to be incorrect?

Yes. Any first-class almanac will now give you the correct time.

M. E. B., Hammond, Wis.:

Please inform me through your columns how many speakers the Republicans have in the field working for the Prohibition amendment, soon to be put before the people of Michigan, and who they are.

It is impossible to give the list of speakers, as every hamlet has furnished one or more.

A Subscriber, U. S. S. Michigan, Erie, Pa.:

For full information regarding the preparation necessary for entrance to a medical college, together with such other facts as you enquire for, write to Dr. J. Fenwick, secretary of the Toledo Medical college, 168 Adams street, Toledo, O., or to Dr. George Roulette, secretary of the Northwestern Ohio Medical college, Toledo, O.

E. H., Machen street, Toledo:

Can you tell me what a mascotte is, and how and where the word originated?

Mascotte originated among the superstitious people of Brittany, and by them is held to be a person or thing which brings good luck. The comic opera, "La Mascotte," has popularized the word in this country, until now all sorts of things are regarded as mascottes or bringers of good luck.

W. W. M., East Palestine, O., sends the BLADE a printed account of a perpetual motion machine now being built there. Hundreds of inventors have tried the same principle, but it won't work. Can people never understand that a man can't lift himself over a fence by pulling at the straps of his boots? That is the principle involved in the "motor" of the East Palestine man. He should go to digging gravel, or something of the sort, for a living.

Sub., Millbury, O.:

1. Are gas and oil wells taxed; if so, who has to pay the tax, the land-owner or the gas company? 2. Has any one a right to make a collection of receipts or other matter from different books and papers and have the same published in a book or pamphlet form?

1. There is no law specific for gas or oil wells. 2. Yes, if the subject matter is sufficiently altered so that the exact words of the author are not used.

A. Seeholst, Wray, Colo.:

I read in your paper of July 15, 1886, I think, an account of a new method of procuring aluminum from clay, and the properties of that metal. I have watched and waited since then to hear more about it, but can learn nothing more about it. Was that account correct? I would like very much to know.

The account was substantially correct, and a factory is now being erected in Findlay, Ohio, and another one is going up at Rochester, N. Y.

H. M. F., Pyrmont Ind.:

What portion of the ocean does each nation own?

Every nation has a right to the exclusive dominion of the sea within a certain not very well defined distance from the shore, depending on the usage of the country. By the law of England the main sea begins at low water mark; and between low and high water mark the common law and admiralty have a divided jurisdiction, one on the land when left dry, and the other on the water when it is full sea.

A Reader, St. Johns, Mich.:

1. I would like to ask through your paper if there is any method by which a person can add more rapidly than the old way: and if so, how? 2. Also, is there any work on computing interest and discount so as to do away with pen or pencil?

1. Certain so-called professors of lightning calculating profess to teach such methods, but they cannot be explained in the columns of a newspaper. 2. Any book store will furnish you with such tables—or write to T. J. Brown, Eagor & Co., Toledo, O.

G. H. B., Noxville, Kimble Co., Tex.:

1- How can I ascertain the amount of duty, payable to the United States government, on imported goods? 2. What is meant by "Mardi Gras?"

1. The secretary of the treasury, Washington, will furnish you with a printed list of the dutiable goods, together with the duty charged on each article. 2. Mardi Gras, in the French, literally means "fat Tuesday," and is applied to Shrove Tuesday, immediately preceding Ash Wednesday. Shrove Tuesday is also called Confession Tuesday, because in the Roman Catholic church confess confession to be made on that day, in preparation of the fast of Lent. It is now given over to jollity in anticipation of the 40 days of abstinence that are to follow.

A Reader, Chillicothe, O.:

1. Who were in Jefferson Davis's Cabinet? 2. Please give a sketch of the life of Alexander Dumas, jr.

1. Secretary of state, Robert Toombs, of Georgia; secretary of the treasury, Charles G. Memminger, of South Carolina; secretary of war, Leroy P. Walker, of Alabama; secretary of the navy, Stephen R. Mallory, of Florida; postmaster general, John H. Reagan, of Texas; attorney general, Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana. 2. Alexandre Dumas, jr., was born in Paris, July 28, 1824. At 17 he published a volume of poems, which did not show any extraordinary talent. His first great work was *Le Dame aux Camelias*, which has been dramatized under the name of Camille and set to music in Verdi's opera, Traviata. Since then he has written a large number of novels, poems and dramas. He was made a member of the French Academy, January 29, 1874.

W. T. S., Oswego, Oregon:

Where in the Bible does the Christian church find the authority for calling Sunday the first day of the week? I can find no direct reference to it, except in Acts 20, 7. S.

Sunday comes from the (Sax. Sunnan dag) identical with the Romen dies Solis (day of the sun). The keeping of this is as a sacred day, in memory of Christ's resurrection and of the descent of the Holy Ghost, dates from the beginning of Christianity. It is probable that the first Jewish Christians kept the seventh day holy, while conforming also to the Jewish Sabbath. It was called the Lord's day in all the churches, but it was also popularly designated as Sunday as the Gentile element began to prevail. According to De Rossi, the first monumental inscription calling it the Lord's day is of the year 403. Its first official recognition is in an edict of Constantine in 321, ordering that all work should cease in the cities "on the venerable Sunday," but permitting necessary husbandry to be attended to. The Theodosian Code prescribed that "on the Sunday rightfully designated by our ancestors as the Lord's day, all lawsuits and public business shall cease."

Frank Darrow, Harford, Pa.:

1. Please give a short sketch of the life of Sen. Beckwith Berger, of Virginia. 2. What is the price of the poem "Civitas," by W. L. Campbell?

1. Harrison H. Riddleberger, of Woodstock, was born in Edinburg, Shenandoah county, Va., October 5, 1844; received a common school education and had a home preceptor for two years; served three years in the Confederate states army as second and first lieutenant of infantry, and as captain of cavalry; is a lawyer by profession; served as commonwealth's attorney of his county for two terms; also two terms of two years each in the house of delegates, and one term of four years in the state senate; since 1870 he has been editor of three newspapers, the *Tenth Legion*, the Shenandoah *Democrat*, and the *Virginian*; was a member of the state committee of the Conservative party until 1875; was a presidential elector on the Democratic ticket of 1876, and the same on the Readjuster ticket of 1880; in 1881, while commonwealth's attorney and state senator, he was elected to the United States Senate as a Re adjuster, in the place of John W. Johnston, Conservative, and took his seat December 3, 1883. His term of service will expire March 3, 1889. 2. Write to T. J. Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, Ohio.

Science, Marysville, O.:

1. Please give explanation of the Quirinal, as distinguished from the Vatican. The former word does not appear in any work of Webster's unabridged dictionary. 2. Is the statement so often republished in newspapers of a certain iron workman's ability to bathe his hands in the molten metal a canard? If not, what is the preventive used?

1. The Quirinal up to November, 1848, was the residence of the Popes of the Roman Catholic church. The Quirinal palace and grounds are supposed to occupy the site of the Temple of Flora. The present edifice was begun in 1574 by Gregory XIII, and was enlarged and improved by Sixtus V, Clement VIII, Paul V and Innocent X. It was the favorite residence of Pope Pius IX up to November, 1848, when he left it never to return. Since 1870 it has been the residence of the kings of Italy, and has been entirely refurnished and modified in accordance with the requirements of a modern royal residence. The Vatican dates back to the 5th century, and from 1377 down to the time of Pope Pius IX it was the residence of the popes, many of whom, after Gregory XIII, also occupied the Qirinial. 2. From time to time accounts are published of some one discovering a preparation that will enable one to plunge the hand, without harm, into molten metal, but the ingredients of the preparation are never disclosed.

A Subscriber, Haron, Kan.:

1. Please publish a good receipt for dressing furs and pelts. 2. Is there any Indian reservations in Idaho; if so, how many and what are their names?

1. This recipe has been given a number of times but it will be repeated with the hope that it will be carefully cut out and preserved where it may be found when wanted: After having cut off the useless parts, and softened the skin by soaking, remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak it in warm water for an hour. Next mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre, and glauber salts (sulphate of soda); in the proportion of about ½ ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste; spread this with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts than on the thinner parts, and fold the fur inside. Put sides inward, and place in a cool place. After standing 24 hours wash the skin clean, and apply in the same manner as before, a mixture of 1 ounce sal soda, ½ ounce borax, and 2 ounces hard white soap, melted slowly together without being allowed to boil; fold together again and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this dissolve 4 ounces alum, 8 ounces salt, and 2 ounces saltpetre in sufficient hot water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for 12 hours; then wring out and hang it up to dry. When it is nearly drying stretch and scrape two or three times till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sand paper and pumice stone. 2. The Nez Perces, 2,807, have a reservation of about 1,344,000 acres in the northern part of the territory. The Bois and Brunean Buttes, numbering 516, and the Bannocks, 521, have a reservation of 1,568,000 acres in the southeastern part of the territory, near Snake river. These reservations receive their annuities from the United States and are in charge of the Presbyterians. The Coeur d'Alenes, Spokanes, Kootenays and Pend d'Oreilles, about 2,000 in the aggregate, occupy a reservation of 256,000 acres, 30 or 40 miles north of the Nez Perces.

Frightful Waste.

Consumption carries off its thousands of victims every year, Yes, thousands of human lives are being wasted that might be saved, for the fact is now established that consumption, in its early stages, is curable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, if used in time, effect a permanent cure in ninety-eight cases in a hundred for bronchitis, coughs and colds. Its efficacy has been proved in thousands of cases. All druggists.

Enjoying Their Own Work.

It is a singular fact that, almost without exception, the most successful literary men have always been those who did very little reading. This seems unaccountable in an age when the world is flooded with cheap and attractive publications. Should one asked a French writer what books he read. He replied: "I never read anything but my own works; when I want to read a new novel I write one!" Sublime assurance, you will say. There is something in it, nevertheless. Dickens was very much like the Frenchman. When he wanted to have a jolly good time he would sit down to die and read "David Copperfield" or "Pickwick," and laugh himself into fits.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Disorders Which Affect the Kidneys

Are among the most formidable known. Diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel, and other complaints of the urinary organs, are not ordinarily cured in severe cases, but they may be averted by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which not only affords the requisite stimulus when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretive power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder, this medicine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impurities which it is the peculiar office of these organs to eliminate and purify. The Bitters is also a purifier and strengthener of the bowels, an invigorant of the stomach, and a matchless remedy for biliousness and fever and ague. It counteracts a tendency to pneumonic decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

Æsthetic Young Boston Ladies.

Boston Globe's account of Dedham disaster.

Among those who visited the scene prior to 7 o'clock were three young ladies, who had in some manner avoided the vigilance of the police, and thereby secured a three hours' parade through the side of a car, which they intended to decorate their homes with as bric-a-brac, made out of a portion of the wreck. Everybody who visited the scene carried away portion of the wreckage as mementos, while many ludicrous incidents occurred.

Manly Purity and Beauty.

No tongue or pen can do justice to the esteem in which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

James E. Richardson, Custom House, New Orleans, on oath, says: "In 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until I was a mass of corruption. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. I became a mere wreck. At times could not lift my hands to my head, could not turn in bed; was in constant pain, and looked upon life as a curse. No relief or cure in ten years. In 1880 I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, used them and was perfectly cured."

Sworn to before U. S. Com. J. D. CRAWFORD.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Chapped and Oily Skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

I gratefully acknowledge a cure of Eczema, or Salt Rheum, on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help myself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors profounced my case hopeless; permanently cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

WILL McDONALD,
2542 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Through the medium of one of your books, received through Mr. Frank T. Wray, Druggist, Apollo, Pa., I became acquainted with your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and take this opportunity to testify to you that their use has permanently cured me of one of the worst cases of blood poisoning, in connection with erysipelas, that I have ever seen, and this after having been pronounced incurable by some of the best physicians in our county. I take great pleasure in forwarding to you this testimonial, unsolicited as it is by you, in order that others, suffering from similar maladies, may be encouraged to give your CUTICURA REMEDIES a trial.

P. S. WHITLINGER, Leechburg, Pa.
Reference: FRANK T. WRAY, Druggist, Apollo, Pa.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Stimpson, Rogers Prairie, Tex.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold, which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my Lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark. ††

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

AGENTS WANTED.

SALESMEN WANTED—Good pay. S. A. McOmber & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

Salesmen Wanted—Grand inducements. Write Campbell & Graham, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

Agents wanted. EurekaStairCorner. Sales simply immense. J.R. Page & Co., 128 Printey st., Chicago.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, N. Y.

$30 a Month Salary to agents selling goods to dealers. Samples Free. $420 a month to distribute circulars. Expenses advanced. National Supply Co., Cincinnati, O.

WORK for all. $30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

LADY AGENTS coin money withmy new Rubber Undergarment. Sells at sight. Address MRS. E. X. LITTLE, Box 443, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Good live agents for The Buffalo, N.Y., Mutual Accident and Sick Benefit Association. Large inducements. Geo. A. Sanborn, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo, N. Y.

BURGLAR-Proof Door Fastener. Now sells rapidly. Agents make $20 weekly. U. S. HOME M'F'G CO., A 18, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS wanted to sell PERFECT CEMENT cended to be the best ever produced, for mending china, glass, furniture, crockery, etc. Sample bottle, with terms, mailed for 25c. MRS. E. BROWN, Restorative Artist and Manufacturer of Perfect Cements, 58 Welting Block, Syracuse, N. Y.

WOMAN WANTED SALARY $25 to $50 for our business in her locality. Responsible house. Duties easy and pleasant. Position permanent. Brunean Enclosure, numbering 516, and the Bannocks, 521, have a reservation of 1,568,000 acres in the southeastern part of the territory, near Snake river. These reservations receive their annuities from the United States and are in charge of the Presbyterians. The Coeur d'Alenes, Spokanes, Kootenays and Pend d'Oreilles, about 2,000 in the aggregate, occupy a reservation of 256,000 acres, 30 or 40 miles north of the Nez Perces.

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LEPROSY

and consequently incurable. It is impossible to describe her sufferings. Her body from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet was a mass of decay, masses of flesh rotting off and leaving great cavities, her fingers festered and three or four nails dropped off at one time. Her limbs contracted by the fearful discretion, and for years she did not leave her bed. Her weight was reduced from 125 to 60 lbs. Perhaps some faint idea of her cond

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

We call especial attention to the advertisement on the fifth page announcing the giving away, this winter, of something over $2,000 in premiums for raising clubs for the WEEKLY BLADE. No more liberal offer was ever made by any newspaper, and it should result in an enormous increase in the circulation of the BLADE—the Old Reliable Family Newspaper. Some one is going to get a $650 Piano, somebody is going to get a first-class Cabinet Organ, some one will get a first-class Singer Sewing Machine, and scores will receive other premiums, every one of which is of post tive value. In addition to these extra premiums, every one who interests him, or her, self in the matter gets very liberal pay for what they do, whether they secure a premium or not.

Now what you want to do is to get our terms to agents, and get to work. Those who already have them, should commence on receipt of this number of the paper.

The awards of these extra Premiums will be made May first. The field is open to everybody, men, women and children, and the rewards are rich. A $650 Piano is not picked up every day, nor is any other of the beautiful articles we propose to give away. Begin your work now.

"REVIEW OF THE WEEK."

The summary of the important news of the week, which has heretofore appeared on this page of the Weekly BLADE, will be found to-day, and hereafter, on the eighth page, among the regular news matter, and set in smaller type. The change is made in order to afford us more space for editorial discussions on topics of interest.

THE PROHIBITION BATTLE IN MICHIGAN.

The minions of the Rum Power in Michigan are sending out printed circulars—dingy, dirty-looking things—to all portions of the state, filled with so-called "arguments" against Prohibition. A copy of one has just reached us, entitled, "Facts and Figures for Tax-payers and Advocates of Temperance(!)" The title is misleading, for there are few *facts* in the pamphlet There is an abundance of assertions, but assertions are not facts. The use of the word "Temperance" is also misleading, and it was used so as to attract people who have leanings toward Prohibition to peruse the sheet, under the mistaken impression that it is a Prohibition argument.

The "figures" of this precious mass of misrepresentation are given in the first article on the first page, under the seductive heading, "Millions in it—The Financial Side of the Prohibition Question." The meaning of this is, that there are millions in Rum—and that is true, from the dealers' standpoint, but not from that of the people. The following table is there given:

Annual taxes	$ 1,200,000
Wages	5,000,000
Rents	2,500,000
Compensation for damages	12,000,000

We are not sufficiently familiar with the statistics of Michigan to say how true the first three items are; we fancy, however, that they are somewhat exaggerated—and it would of course be to the interest of the Rum Power to make them as large as possible. As for the last item, that means nothing. No damages can be collected from the state until the case which involves the question, whether a state can be compelled to pay damages to distillers and brewers if their business is cut off by Prohibitory legislation, and which case is now before the Supreme court of the United States, shall be decided. Hence we can, with justice, eliminate the $12,000,000 set down in that item from the calculation. This leaves us with an annual total of $5,700,000, divided among taxes, wages and rents, which it is assumed the people of Michigan will lose every year if they adopt the Prohibitory amendment.

Now let us look at the article, and expose some of its sophistry. The unknown author goes on to say, concerning the first item:

> The liquor tax law was passed in 1875. Immediately this tax yielded a large revenue that went into the treasuries of the municipalities. The amount of this tax in 1884, the last year for which full returns are at hand, was $1,058,798 from 4,180 dealers. A natural rate of increase would swell the amount at this time to fully $1,200,000.

Should Prohibition be adopted, even if it wholly failed to prohibit, as it did under the former law, its immediate effect would be to wipe out at once and forever the revenue now derived from the tax on the liquor traffic. It is for this reason that many saloon-keepers have themselves declared their purpose to vote for Prohibition.

This means then an annual tax upon the people, levied and collected in the ordinary way, of $1,200,000 per year, because if the revenue now derived from the traffic is cut off, the amount must be raised in another way. This would be equal to a personal tax of 60 cents for every man, woman and child in the state, or assessed on the property, it would be equal to $1.25 on each $1,000.

Leaving out of the discussion the moral argument, which is a most powerful and convincing one, we will discuss the tax question only on economic grounds. There were, in 1884, listed for taxation in Michigan 4,180 dealers. Now, how much average trade has each of these men? In a recent issue of the BLADE we discussed this very topic, and showed that an estimate of $10 per saloon per day is a very low figure. But if the 4,180 saloons of Michigan average only that, they take in $41,800 per day! In the six working days of the week (not counting Sunday, the best day in many places) they receive $210,800! and in a full year of 52 weeks, of six working days each, they absorb, of the money of Michigan's citizens, the enormous total of $11,561,600! and, to consider, as the writer of the above does, that there has been a "natural increase" since 1884, we may, without doing any violence to facts, estimate the sum, in round numbers, at $12,000,000.

The economic problem, then, that the Michigan people are called upon to solve, may be stated thus:

> Rum costs the people of Michigan $12,000,000 a year:
>
> The Rum Power pays $1,200,000 taxes for the privilege.

Now, shall this state of things continue, or shall the people adopt Prohibition, when the case will stand thus:

> The people will save the $12,000,000 a year now wasted upon Rum;
>
> And will have $1,200,000 more taxes to pay.

Now, a tax is onerous only when out of proportion to the people's means. If all lines of legitimate business in Michigan are to enjoy a boom, through this $12,000,000 being poured into its channels, instead of being squandered for Rum, will not the people be in better shape to pay taxes? Will not the actual burden be less than it is now, with the Rum Power sucking the life blood out of the people and the state?

Then it must be remembered there will be an enormous saving in the cost of police protection, of police courts, in the support of prisoners, and a large decrease in the burden of taxes to support paupers, etc. It is the universal testimony wherever Prohibition rules that the cost of all these items is much reduced. We do not doubt but that the effect in Michigan would be to effect such a saving as would very largely, if not entirely, offset this bugbear of $1,200,000 taxation. We think the candid, fair-minded citizen of Michigan who reads the above carefully, will see that this item of the "figures" is pretty effectually disposed of. Now let us pass on in our review:

But suppose that Prohibition succeeds, and stops the traffic at once and permanently, it then entails other financial consequences. The largest item will be compensation for property the value of which will be destroyed. The value of the brewing plant in the state is estimated at $10,000,000, and of the rectifying interest, $2,000,000, or $12,000,000 in all. This must be paid for. The sovereign power of a state cannot destroy private property without compensation. A tax levied for this purpose would be equal to a personal tax of $6 upon every man, woman and child in the state, or $12.50 upon each $1,000 of the property valuation of the state.

This needs but little attention. The point is now before the United States Supreme court, in a case taken up on error, and it is not decided yet It is not legally declared that to prevent breweries and distilleries from carrying on their hellish work, is "destroying private property without compensation." The principle is not as is stated in the above extract. A counterfeiter spends weeks and months in engraving a plate for a note, which represents many dollars of actual value to him; but the government captures the plate, and does not pay him for "destroying private property"—far from it! The above paragraph is a bugaboo, to frighten timid taxpayers. Let them not be deceived by it. Next the circular goes on to say:

> The brewers alone pay over $2,000,000 annually in wages to their employes. This payment, of course, must stop, and the two or three thousand employes enter the labor market as competitors for place with the already numerous army of wage workers. More than this, the 10,000 or more people now employed as saloonkeepers and attendants will be thrown out of employment and also become competitors in the labor market.

We covered this ground thoroughly in a former number of the BLADE. We showed that when the infernal Rum traffic is stopped, the money that is spent for drink will be spent for other things; that the increase in business will require more workmen in other lines of trade, and that the men thrown out of work by Prohibition will find plenty of work, in honest, honorable employments, if they desire it. There is no strength in the above argument at all. It will not bear analysis. The next point taken up is this:

> If Prohibition prevails, it will close up nearly 5,000 places that now pay remunerative rents, with an annual rental value of say $2,500,000. More than this, it will depreciate the rental value of all business property. "To rent" cards scattered thickly through a town, will soon suggest to shop-keepers to demand lower rents.

The experience in Atlanta is a direct refutation of this argument. The rooms once used for saloons in that city are all occupied by other establishments. The fact that the people, not buying Rum, have money to spend for groceries, clothing, etc., requires more establishments to supply them. The argument in the above is false and misleading. The statements are falsehoods, and have been proved so in other states and cities.

The last despairing wail of the writer of the precious screed we are reviewing is as follows:

> The foregoing makes no account of the loss to the farmers of the state of the value of their hops and barley crops. Taking everything into account, the adoption of Prohibition would involve an immediate financial reckoning of not less than twenty million dollars! It would be an economic disturbance that would unsettle all values, which is the next thing to a general state of bankruptcy.
>
> The farmers would have no loss. They would raise other crops besides hops and barley. They would find a better demand in the towns and villages of the state for all kinds of farm produce, and would be benefited, instead of being injured, by the adoption of Prohibition.
>
> It can be seen that the conclusion, that there would be an "immediate financial reckoning" of $20,000,000, is absurd, and that there would no economic disturbance. There was none in Maine, none in Iowa, none in Kansas, none in Georgia; why should there be any in Michigan? There would none, for there would be nothing to produce one. Let the people of Michigan go on, and on April 4 next, by the adoption of Prohibition

Pulverize the Rum Power!

OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

If you have not done so already, examine our magnificent scheme of premiums and enter the lists for one of them. No matter whether you get a premium or not, you will be well paid for what you do, IN MONEY. You may reach the Piano, but whether or no, you can lose nothing, and are certain to make a welcome addition to your pocket money for the winter. Men or women, boys or girls, there is room for all. We want a good worker at every postoffice. Send for our special terms to club-raisers, and learn what you can do, and what you will get for it

THE new Maine liquor law, which goes into effect on May 1, contains some features which may profitably be studied by legislators who are endeavoring to curb the efforts of the Rum Power to evade prohibitory legislation. It makes the penalty on first conviction 30 days' imprisonment, as well as fine; prohibits the sale of cider for tippling purposes; allows druggists to keep all kinds of intoxicating liquors for the sole purpose of compounding medicines; makes the payment of a United States tax *prima facie* evidence of illegal sale of liquor, because a druggist is not required to pay that tax for using liquors in compounding *bona fide* medicines; imposes a penalty on railroad employes for unloading liquors outside of regular stations; and gives the state liquor commissioner a fixed salary instead of a percentage of sales.

MEXICO'S new tariff is one that is very favorable to the United States, and our merchants and manufacturers should at once prepare to utilize the opportunities it offers to extend our markets in our sister republic's territory. Being a next-door neighbor, we should be able to take Mexico's trade from England, and open up a brisk commerce. Mexican duties have been largely reduced on cotton goods and thread, salt, lead, iron, canned meats and fruits, etc. Mexico produces much that we need, and the interchange of commodities should be encouraged.

EX-GOV. HOADLY seems to regret leaving Ohio already. On last Monday night, at the Ohio society in New York, he was introduced by Gen. TOM EWING and made a brief speech, in the course of which he remarked, "Ohio is God's own country—God's providence smiles on it." Right you are, Governor! And Ohio regrets to see you leave her blessed domain to dwell in the darkness of the shadow of death in New York city.

THE BLADE acknowledges the receipt of a pamphlet copy of "Which is the best for farmers—protection or free trade?" an address delivered by Hon. THOMAS H. DUDLEY before the Agricultural society of Lancaster county, Pa., on February 7, last. It is an answer to the free trade arguments of Col. BEVERLY, of Virginia, and FRANK HURD, and should be read by every farmer. Copies may be had of the author at Camden, N. J.

THE final collapse of the Panama canal scheme can not be far off. Germany will not lend DE LESSEPS any more money, France has spent all she will on the ditch, and the United States will not aid the project. Unless money pours in from some unexpected source, the work will have to stop, and project fail.

A SOUTHERN OPINION.

The newspapers of the country have all been training their guns upon the Chicago clergymen who refused to send a message of condolence upon the death of HENRY WARD BEECHER, because they did not wish to indorse, even by implication, his latitudinarian theological views The general rebuke those clerical gentlemen received was, in our opinion, well deserved. BEECHER was one of the great men of the nation, and the services he rendered it should have silenced the voice of the caviller while he lay dead, stricken suddenly by the grim reaper.

The Chicago ministers' action was dictated by dissent from BEECHER'S later theological views. We quote below a venomous criticism, dictated by sectional hatred, from an editorial leader in the Birmingham, Ala., *Chronicle*, upon BEECHER'S death. Birmingham is looked upon as one of the foci of the "New South." To our mind, the New South must be, politically, the same as the Old South, if the Birmingham *Chronicle* is an exponent of its feelings. Here is the extract:

> Beecher was a bitter and pronounced partisan, and there was no limit to his hate. He hated Southern men and he hated Southern women, and he poured out his hatred over the sacred pulpit when he pretended to preach the holy gospel. He mingled his curses on the South with his very prayers. His writings are full of hate for us. With Greeley and Sumner and Garrison he has gone from among men. Today the venerable old man at his quiet home on the gulf coast will read the notices of the death of this the last of the great minds which conspired to bring on that civil war with all its horrors. God has spared Jefferson Davis to read these obituary notices as some recompense for what he has suffered. The South has no tears for Henry Ward Beecher. No kind words of his ever cheered our people. It was hate for hate while he lived, but we have no hatred for the dead.

We shall look with some degree of interest to see if our Democratic exchanges are as ready to apply the lash over the shoulders of this unrepentant rebel and defiler of JEFF DAVIS, as they were to use it upon the reverend clergy of Chicago. If it is in bad taste to refuse to pay tribute to BEECHER'S greatness because of a difference of theological opinion, is it not equally so to refuse because of a difference of political opinion? Or is the Democratic press of the North, in this year of grace 1887, obliged to follow the traditions of its party that were followed back in the '50's, and accept in silence all that Southern men may say or do? We had hoped the race of mudsills was extinct. Concerning the above paragraph, we have but to say that the South should not prate about the restored Union, and abuse Republicans for being the only ones in whom sectional hate survives, so long as its journalists can avow such sentiments as the above.

A LABOR OF HERCULES.

The President is woefully torn up in his mind over the selection of inter-state commerce commissioners, according to the Washington guid-nuncs. He is desirous of making selections that will meet all the requirements of the case, but the interests are so diverse and so widely scattered that it seems impossible to represent them in a commission of but five persons. The arguments that have been brought to bear upon him, that the West shall have the majority of the commission, have strongly impressed CLEVELAND. The showing that has been made is, that out of the 140,000 miles of railroad in the country, just about one-half are located in a group of ten states in the Mississippi Valley. Illinois, for instance, has 20,000 miles of railroad, or more than all the Middle states together, and three times as much as all the New England states. Ohio and Iowa have each between 7,000 and 8,000 miles, and Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri range up pretty close to them, the ten states aggregating 66,000 of the 140,000 miles of road in the country.

In rebuttal of this argument, however, the Eastern interests show him that there is much more proportional capital in Eastern than in Western railroads. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware taken together, have fewer miles of rail than Illinois; yet the capital stock of their roads amounts to about $1,000,000,000, while those of Illinois foot up only about one-third as much, or $526,000,000. Yet there is something in the argument that there is more "water" in the Eastern railways, and that capitalization is not a true index of the real value of a road. Then, again, in the fourteen Southern States, there are only about 40,000 miles of railways, yet in no section of the country is the development of railroads more rapid and vigorous than in the South just now. Altogether, CLEVELAND has a hard task before him, and we doubt if any appointments he may make will be satisfactory to all sections and all interests.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

THE Solid South has evidently supposed itself solid legally as well as politically, judging from the boldness with which it has prevented a free expression of opinion at the polls. But the citizens of Texas have been imposed upon too long, and have thrown off the yoke of terrorism. A grand jury at Austin has indicted a number of the prominent citizens of Washington county on a charge of intimidating voters, among others being Judge KIRK, who recently testified before the Senatorial investigating committee. This good work should be followed up in every state in the South until every person shall have the opportunity of freely and fearlessly expressing his political opinions, no matter to which party he may belong.

THE bill prohibiting the acquisition of government land by aliens, which passed both houses of Congress but did not receive CLEVELAND'S signature, is a commendable measure, and will, without doubt, be revived in the Fiftieth Congress next winter. Another piece of legislation in the same direction is needed, to prevent capitalists of our own country from obtaining great areas of the public domain. Not long ago an Eastern syndicate bought 80,000,000 acres in one tract. It can readily be seen that this policy will soon result in levying an oppressive tribute on the westward flow of our population, and it is a signal instance of the utter lack of foresight and judgment of Congress that the practice is not stopped at once.

COMMISSIONER MONTGOMERY, of the Patent office, has resigned, to take effect on May 1, when he will return to his law practice in Michigan. He has been actually driven from office by the importunity of office-seekers. He is quoted as saying that "there is only one thing more difficult to get rid of than a woman seeking office for herself, and that is a Congressman seeking office for a woman." He says that after women get places they are constantly plotting and using all the influence they can command to get a change of work and increase of pay.

THE railway disaster on the Dedham branch railway, near Boston, emphasizes the position the BLADE took some little time ago in the discussion of the abandonment of the car stove—that the thing to do is to reduce the possibilities of accident to a minimum, by a more careful inspection of rolling stock, track and bridges.

THE BATTLE OF 1888.

The Philadelphia *American*, a weekly periodical devoted to literature, politics, and all national topics, and which is conducted with signal ability, in its last issue discusses the Presidency in 1888. Politically it is Republican, without the shadow of turning, and supported the ticket of 1884 with consummate ability. Hence the following extract will be read with attention by all thinking members of the party. The *American* believes the battle of 1888 between the parties, should it result in Democratic triumph, will give that party an indefinite lease of national power—in which opinion we coincide. Hence, it lays much stress upon the selection of a suitable standard-bearer, and discusses Mr. BLAINE as follows:

> We propose, therefore, to ask the Republicans of the United States, at this crisis in their party history, a serious question, and to add some reflections upon the answers that they may make. What do they mean to do, as to their candidate for President in 1888?
>
> The probable answer of many will be that Mr. Blaine must again be the candidate. No one will be surprised at such a suggestion. Mr. Blaine came very near being President in 1884. How missed the mark more narrowly than was ever before known in the history of such contests. To try again is the not unnatural suggestion of his friends. The signs of their desire that he should are apparent in many places. It is said that he does not desire the nomination, and will not take it except by a general unanimity of the people's preferences; and, as then, it is intimated that he distrusts his own strength. Nevertheless, it is plain that the men who effected his nomination in 1884 are again active in his behalf, and are again desirous to take the chances of his election. The fact must therefore be candidly recognized and considered. The Republican party must ask itself, Would another nomination of Mr. Blaine be wise?
>
> It seems to us clear that the answer of the party, if it should look coolly at the subject and consider the grave consequences of a mistake, will be emphatically in the negative. Every Republican is able to judge for himself whether Mr. Blaine was not, in 1884, like Mr. Clay in 1844, at the height of his strength. Is it possible to increase, or even maintain the enthusiasm of his admirers of two years ago? Is it possible to bring to him any new elements of support? Is there any quarter in which he is more popular now than in 1884? Is the confidence which he inspires in other public men and party leaders greater? And, finally and most decisively, could he carry now, any better than in 1884, the state of Indiana, the state of New York, or the state of Connecticut? The party can not trust to the chapter of accidents; it can not be sent to clutch at straws of chances in this or that Southern state—the Virginias, or North Carolina, or Tennessee—in order to compensate for risks unnecessarily taken in the North.
>
> We say frankly, and we know that we are speaking for many Republicans when we say that it would be a most desperate experiment, in view of the consequences of failure, to renominate Mr. Blaine. He has had his candidacy. He was loyally supported by every element that will have the right or the opportunity to consider the second proposal of his name. That he failed is not their fault, but his misfortune. He cannot justly ask them to enter with him again on so perilous a venture.
>
> The Republican party is fairly united. Mr. Blaine and his friends are good party men. They will support, as the other element supported him, loyally and heartily any fit and worthy candidate whom the ripened convention may select. The obvious course of wisdom and of duty is to choose one who has against him neither the personal enmities, the factional opposition, nor the repute of failure presented by Mr. Blaine.

While the BLADE is not prepared, looking at the contest of 1888 with the great possibilities of two years more of Democratic incapacity in national affairs yet in the future, to pronounce so decided judgment as does our Philadelphia contemporary upon Mr. BLAINE'S candidacy, yet there is enough of importance in the views presented to lead us to ask their careful consideration at the hands of every Republican who is desirous of seeing the party of progress speedily restored to supremacy in the nation.

RHODE ISLAND REPUBLICANS.

The Republican party of Rhode Island held its state convention on the 16th. It was an harmonious and enthusiastic gathering, and a full state ticket was nominated, for governor, lieutenant governor, and four other state offices. Gov. WETMORE was renominated for a third term. The platform is a strong and judicious one, the principal plank being in favor of "equal rights"—it being in the shape of an indorsement of the action of the state senate for passing a resolution submitting to the electors of the state a proposed amendment to the Rhode Island constitution abolishing the property qualification as a prerequisite for voting. It will be remembered that the constitution excludes persons without property to the value of $134 from the ballot.

The principal remaining points in the platform are: the advocacy of the passage of laws that will tend to enlighten the people as to the true relations of labor and capital, and the approval of the bill establishing a commissionership of industrial statistics; favoring a constitutional amendment for the abolition of the registry tax as a pre-requisite for voters; the approval of the American system of protection to home labor and home industries by a tariff, and a denunciation of free trade; an endorsement of civil service reform; and a plank endorsing the Prohibitory amendment, which reads as follows:

> We recognize the fact that the adoption of the fifth amendment to our state constitution was not a partisan measure and that such amendment has become a part of our fundamental law in obedience to the will of the constitutional majority. We demand the enactment of laws adequate to carry this amendment into effect, and that such laws shall be rigidly enforced, recognizing at the same time the right of the people to agitate for the repeal of this or any other constitutional provision which time may prove to be unwise or ineffectual.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

SEN. VEST is restive under the criticisms of Democratic incapacity in Congress. But his explanations are evasions. He charges that the Republicans are responsible for the failure of any tariff revision scheme, and hence declares that they were false to their party pledge, as the national platform of 1884 contains a plank promising a revision of the tariff. But that is not what Sen. VEST and his colleagues wished to do. The free-trade contingent in the House elaborated measures that were utterly obnoxious to every Republican. The party stands ready to redeem its pledges when it shall be given a majority in Congress. No Republican or protectionist will consent to aid the schemes of the free traders to break down the tariff. It needs revision, but the work must be done by its friends, not by its enemies.

THE Chicago papers are calling attention to the fact that naturalization papers are daily issued to avowed anarchists by the courts of Cook county, on the indorsement of well-known anarchist leaders. No such men should be allowed the privilege of citizenship. In fact, they are barred out by the law itself, which direct that the application for citizenship shall be denied unless it shall be clearly shown that the applicant has behaved as a man of good moral character, is attached to and supports the constitution of the United States, and is well disposed to good order. No anarchist can fulfill these requirements, and the judge who permits such a man to become a citizen of the United States is violating his duty in doing so.

THE scheme of building a ship canal in Canada, between Lakes Ontario and Huron, has received the assurance of financial aid from the Dominion government. While this canal will be, if built, an aid to the commerce of the upper lakes, as the distance to the seaboard will be greatly shortened, it would also be a great help, in case of war, as it would be much more easily defended than the Welland canal against a sudden movement from the United States.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

CLEVELAND AND THE TEXANS.

There is a maxim, which the French are supposed to have invented, or else copied from the wisdom of the land of the Pyramids, to the effect that we should be aware of him who owes him a debt of gratitude, or who has borrowed our money. This maxim seems to be illustrated by Mr. CLEVELAND in his veto of the Texas seed bill. The modest sum of $10,000 was asked to supply the seed for the spring planting in a district occupied by 50,000 inhabitants, who had suffered from an unfortunate drought, and following one of the most severe winters known in that section for a generation.

There seems to be a very strong sentiment growing that our President is developing a hobby, and that he is about to write a book of veto messages. Possibly Mrs. CLEVELAND is studying French for the purpose of translating them into the dialect of the Parisians. Possibly, also, she *may* be giving her attention to another language in order to secure some other amusement than what she finds in American people, especially since her husband has taken to legislative curtain lectures. If the Texans continue to scold, and the members of the lower House are not muzzled during the summer vacation, Mr. CLEVELAND will be without any support that he can at all times rely upon, except it may be the gentleman on Staten Island, and the Mormons, who are reported by the junior BRIGHAM YOUNG as being hereditary Democrats. The following extract will serve to teach our suffering brethren of the Lone Star state that "talk is cheap, but it takes money to buy—" corn:

> I feel obliged to withhold my approval of the plan as proposed by this bill, to indulge a benevolent and charitable sentiment through the appropriation of public funds for that purpose. I can find no warrant for such an appropriation in the Constitution; and I do not believe that the power and duty of the general government ought to be extended to the relief of individual suffering which is in no manner properly related to the public service or benefit. A prevalent tendency to disregard the limited mission of this power and duty should, I think, be steadfastly resisted, to the end that the lesson should be constantly enforced that though the people support the government, the government should not support the people.
>
> The friendliness and charity of our countrymen can always be relied upon to relieve their fellow citizens in misfortune. This has been repeatedly and quite lately demonstrated. Federal aid in such cases encourage the expectation of paternal care on the part of the government, and weakens the manliness of our national character, while it prevents the indulgence among our people of that kindly sentiment and conduct which strengthens the bonds of a common brotherhood.

FOR A PRESIDENT who announced, in great big letters, that he had accepted the nomination merely as an executive branch of the government, Mr. CLEVELAND has been as consistent as any other jewel. He was certain, two years ago, that all a President had to do was to write a message or so, appoint postmasters, and make history, so to speak. However, at the conclusion of the first Congress of his term, he finds that his messages are but a small share of his troubles, compared with bottling up wild schemes of the administration majority in the House of Representatives. He has managed to kill more Democrats than ANDY JOHNSON made during the same length of time. If the election held last fall was due this spring, there would be lonesome times among the chafrmen of commitees. "It is an ill wind," etc.; so it may be some comfort to those who stay at home next session, that they will not feel as if in school, and liable to be scolded by the master.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS, and the secretary of the Treasury, part. The severing of their official relations was not altogether a love-feast, and if neither is, in the esteem of the other, as handsome as two years ago, they all, we trust, are wiser men. DANIEL perhaps knows best, and, as the name "DAN" means a "Judge," he ought to. The breaking-up of this happy administration, which was unanimous only two short years ago, reminds one of a horrible scene often witnessed by those in the life-saving stations—a stalwart A 1 clipper-built ship, pounded into kindling wood by the merciless breakers. It seems to be a reproduction of those days when the crusades were in fashion, and the best gentlemen of Europe enlisted (it is stated that the President never did enlist, by the way) and sailed away from Marseilles, or Venice, or started overland, with new clothes and bright colored flags.

The well-stuffed haversack became empty, and the stomach yearned for pie, and wine from Burgundy, or BASS'S ale. The fine French boots are broken and unpolished, fair skins are bronzed, and features scanned by both sun and Saracen. The fiction has faded that those horrid Turks are such barbarians, and the Pope is called a much mistaken guide. Patriotism yields to envy, and perhaps hatred, so that they are in more danger from each other than from the Mussulman, till finally, ragged and haggard, they return whence they started, glad and grateful to find themselves alive. Such is the voyage of those who undertake a journey without the proper supply of information, discipline and experience. The President had no opportunity for either, because, "How can a man know who is not taught?" Still he should not have forgotten that Congress held Democrats of great wisdom and sad experience, with whom he might have advised, instead of repelling them and declining counsel

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLEY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

SO IT SEEMS that the Mexican veterans, South and North, will have to wait some time for their pensions under the law passed the present winter. Under the law, the appropriation is only availed until June 30, 1888—only fifteen months; and the request for increased clerical force in the Pension office was not granted, as RANDALL refused to insert the item in the appropriation bill making provision for the salaries of the extra clerks. The present clerical force is entirely inadequate to do more than carry on the regular business of the office, and so it will be at least a year before anything can be done. There is a possibility, therefore, that many of the pensioners, if they get anything, will be compelled to trust to future Congresses for another appropriation.

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL.

"Fellow citizens of the old Commonwealth of Virginia! I come to you from the fair domain of the mother of statesmen and presidents. I come from the valley of the Shenandoah, the daughter of the stars. There the river flows whispering to its grassy banks the name of Lee, Lee, Lee! The rivulets flowing down the mountain side to join the river sweeping to the sea whisper the name of Lee, Lee, Lee! And the northern plains, scarred by the fierce feet of the God of War, look up to the blue, overarching canopy of heaven, and call to it softly the name of Lee, Lee, Lee! I come from the eastern shore, where the blue waves of the old ocean roll in upon the shining sands, and sun and sea and shore and breeze make glad the eye and heart, and when I ask what are the wild waves saying? the answer comes, Lee, Lee, Lee," etc.

The above is quoted as a type of the Lynchburg style, or species, of oratory. Lynchburg is near the head of the Shenandoah valley and is the home of the Hon. JOHN WARWICK DANIEL, the United States senator who succeeds Gen. MAHONE, and such is a part of a recent campaign speech of the said gentleman. Mr. DANIEL is reported to be one of the most eloquent men of Virginia. He will come to the Senate as one of the youngest in that august body. It is stated that he is *only* 45 years of age, but from this brief quotation from his speech, it might be presumed that he was much younger—say, about the time one reaches the awful manhood of the Sophomore year, and carries a "banger."

It smacks of those days when the mustache is budding out, and each individual hair is numbered and nourished, as a Spartan mother would a son whom she hoped to rear as a soldier for LEONIDAS. It has the ebullition of the spring season, when blossoms bust their winter bondage, and thrust aside the thraldom which had nearly been fatal to their sheen and fairy freshness, as it were. It reads like the fables of ROLAND, and one can almost see the young Virginian cleave the air with his arms, as did the doughty ORLANDO split asunder the walls of the Pyrenees with his thrice-hardened steel "Durandal." One might almost assume that the author of "The Rehearsal" had become re-incarnated, and that this nascent statesman had been practising for "Drawcansir." He is doubtless experiencing what good old Methodists call a "probation," and will be liable to appear to the old stagers and fogy senatorial sages like MOSES fresh from Sinai, full of the law, the twelve tables, and the latest inspirations.

We had before heard of Lynchburg, as the place which the late Gen. HUNTER once reached, and whence he departed quite abruptly because he and SIGEL failed to make their combination work. It has not a little repute as the center of manufacture of a brand of very excellent smoking tobacco, once called the "Lynchburg Fing." It is now regarded as one of those flourishing towns, so fashionable of late, and classed as a symptom of the "New South." We fear that Mr. DANIEL, however, has not been re-christened with the modern spirit of his native place, but has rather been tipping over some old barrel of sermons of his ancestry, since the like has not been heard of for about fifty years now.

OUR SILVER BURDEN.

It is a rather novel state of things, but there isn't room at the government's disposal to store the silver it is accumulating. This embarrassment is increased by the action of the new law for the redemption of the trade dollars. There were about $35,000,000 of these coins issued, but so many have been mutilated so that the best judges estimate that only about $20,000,000 will be exchangeable, dollar for dollar, for standard coin, while the mutilated remainder will be bought in at the rate of silver bullion. When exchanged, they are to be melted into ingots, and the law provides that the ingots shall then be coined into standard silver dollars or into subsidiary silver coins.

But here comes the difficulty, that the mints are not equal to doing more than to turn out the coinage already ordered by Congress, including the $2,000,000 worth of silver that has to be coined into standard dollars every month, and then stacked up in the vaults. The addition of from $20,000,000 to $35,000,000 of silver from the trade dollar adds an amount of bullion that will prove too much of a load for our minting facilities at present, and must be stored, to await action by Congress to enlarge the mints or establish new ones.

There is another queer feature about the matter, viz: Although Congress ordered that the trade dollars shall be coined either into standard dollars or subsidiary silver coin, the secretary of the Treasury cannot order it to be worked up into the latter without again violating a law which has been violated in the past. The statutes sanction this coinage to the amount of only fifty million dollars, and there are some seventy-five millions out, the excess (which is more than the additional sum authorized at the secretary's option under the trade dollar redemption act) having been coined and put into circulation from time to time in conformity with the requirements of the country's trade, treating the legal limit as a dead letter.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

If you contemplate purchasing a Sewing Machine this winter, order the Blade Machine, at once, that you may be sure of getting it in time. It gives absolute satisfaction, and we sell it for $18, with the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. It is the best and cheapest reliable Machine on the market. Order at once, and save money.

NO MORE COMMISSIONS.

The Canadian government again brings up the proposition for an international commission to negotiate settlement of the fisheries dispute with the United States. The Americans most concerned want no more commissions. The "High Joint" commission of 1872 afforded England an opportunity of overreaching this government in diplomacy, and compelled us to pay roundly for a comparatively worthless privilege. We want no more commissions.

But the United States demands (or should demand) a withdrawal of the harassing, vexatious regulations that Canada attempts to impose upon American fishing craft, and which she justifies by construing the strict letter of the treaty of 1818 to cover petty meannesses that are utterly at variance with the broad ideas of international amity which now govern in the intercourse of all civilized nations. We demand (or should demand, if Sec. BAYARD has any patriotic Yankee spirit) that the "three mile limit" shall be construed to mean just what its plain letter does mean, viz: three miles from the actual shore, whether it be the open sea itself, or the shore of a bay or gulf or bend of the coast. To state the fact briefly, Canada's position is an untenable one, and she should be compelled to recede from it. There is no need of a commission to keep the matter entangled in red tape for a year or two longer. If we had a firm, broad, patriotic man at the head of affairs, instead of an obstinate person who seems to think his high office is only a sort of chief clerkship, a settlement would be speedily reached.

CLEVELAND should have the dictionary-makers revise their ponderous tomes. His definition of the word "immediately" seems to be radically different from that of the lexicographers and the rest of mankind. The inter-state commerce bill directs that the five commissioners shall be appointed "immediately." Six weeks have gone by since it became a law, and they are not yet appointed.

THE new treatment for consumption, which has proved a success in the Paris hospitals, which consists in the injection of certain gases into the system, has been tried in a Philadelphia hospital with extremely favorable results. The report of the physician in charge will be interesting. It is given in the telegraphic report today.

MOTHER-IN-LAW OR SON-IN-LAW?

The general impression one would get from reading the alleged jokes of the newspaper writers concerning the mother-in-law—that is, the husband's mother-in-law, hardly ever the wife's—would lead a stranger in this country to the irresistible conclusion that the American mother-in-law is an unmitigated nuisance, and the bane of domestic life. She is represented as a virago, ruling her daughter and her daughter's husband with a rod of iron; meddling with the minutest details of household economy; peering into the sacred privacy of matters that concern only the married couple; altogether, a most undesirable person to have about the house, a terror to the husband, a worry to the wife. That there is some fault in many families is patent, else the stupid mass of mother-in-law jokes would never have become so popular. But is that fault the mother-in-law's, partly or entirely? Is it not possible that the son-in-law is the one to blame?

It would certainly seem that if a man truly and deeply loves his wife, he should at least respect and esteem the woman who brought her into the world, who trained her in childhood, watched over and guarded her girlish years, and to whose loving care and solicitude he must necessarily pay tribute for making her the sweet, lovable being who captured his manly heart. Yet if we are to believe the funmakers, the mother-in-law is the exact opposite of her daughter in all things. She is ugly, the wife is beautiful; she is cross and ill-tempered, the wife sweet and angelic; she is everything that is detestable, the wife is altogether lovable. Such a view is not consistent. Such a mother would rear a daughter in her own mental and moral likeness. There is no influence so powerful in molding a

★ RHEUMATISM ★

I had inflammatory rheumatism. For nearly a year I had to be fed and turned in bed. I could find no relief. My stomach was ruined and cut to pieces with powerful medicines taken to effect a cure, so that I was compelled to live on bread and water. I suffered over 25 years in this way. I was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and

I AM NOW WELL,

thanks to this medicine. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is my best friend. With it I am enabled to enjoy a good night's rest, also food such as meat and pastry, which I have been deprived of for 25 years. If any should doubt this statement I will send the proof at once. GARRETT LANSING, Troy, N. Y. Send 3cent stamp to Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Rondout, N. Y. All druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

WYOMING IN 1885.

One of the Queer Sights in this Very Strange Country.

Some years ago, in late August, I was traveling from the land of the Blackfeet to Walla Walla, in Washington Territory. I had followed an Indian trail from the Saskatchewan Plains to the Cadotte Pass. In the pass I unsaddled my horse for his noon feed, and sat down to smoke. I had just left a noisy, buffalo-hunting Indian camp, and presently I conjured an Indian scene. Columns of Indians, painted and stripped to their breech clouts, filed past me and disappeared in the haze which hung over the eastern plains. Great herds of buffalo sprang into life in my brain, and bands of Cheyennes, Sioux, and Blackfeet pursued them. When the buffalo were falling, and the plains below me were a map of ever-shifting light and color and active life, the lines, mounted and with bent bows, and with long, grooved war arrows drawn to their heads, dashed passed me, and battle, savage and bloody, raged below. I sat smoking and wondering why men ever became lonesome when they could repeople the remote solitude of highland and plain and enjoy scenes of human interest, when my horse threw up his head and sniffed inquiringly of the air and then trotted to me, and stood by my side looking at the summit of the pass, which was a few yards above us. Presently an Indian's head appeared above the crest of the range. I sat and looked at him and he looked at me. Soon another and another and another dark and savaged visaged head rose above the crest, and then the head of a column of mounted Indians rode into sight. They were singing their marching song—much as the Indians in the Wild West show do. Every trail was occupied. The Indians looked neither to the right nor to the left, but marched slowly past me. There were old men and warriors, and young men, all with their rifles across their knees, and hundreds of women, some of whom were handsome, and many children, and an army of dogs brought up the rear. I thought I had conjured to very good effect. For an hour this column swept past me, and I sat on a rock and smoked, and looked at them. Not a word was spoken to me. Hardly a glance was cast at me. The migrating people talked to one another, and laughed, and had a good time generally. Three thousand Indians defiled in front of me. They were gay with bright-colored shirts, and gaudy blankets, and many colored painted faces. I knew that these Indians were portions of Nez Perce, Flathead, Spokane, Okinagan, Wenatchee and Pend Oreille tribes, and that they were going to hunt buffalo on the Saskatchewan Plains and to fight the Blackfeet. These Indians riding past me in the Cadotte Pass made one of the most impressive spectacles I ever saw in the heart of the republic.

ADVISING A DIPLOMAT.

A Merchant Traveller Mistakes a Foreign Minister for a Preacher.

De Giers, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, who was recently travelling from St. Petersburg to Moscow. As the train was crowded, a commercial traveler from Chicago was admitted to the same compartment, and soon began to converse. To his surprise, the drummer found that the stranger could speak English. As M. de Giers the story, the conversation ran as follows:

D.—What line are you in?
G.—I am minister.
D.—What church?
G.—I am orthodox.
D.—By Jove, so am I. At least, my father and mother used to attend the orthodox church. I did when I was a young one.
G.—I am a Greek orthodox.
D.—Greek? I took you for a Russian.
G.—I am a Russian.
D.—That's beyond me. What's your salary?
G.—Forty thousand rubles.
D.—And expenses?
G.—Yes. I have an official residence.
D.—That's what we call a parsonage.
G.—No, I am a Minister of Foreign Affairs.
D.—Nice office, I guess?
G.—Yes.
D.—I am in lamps. We make the best petroleum lamps in the world and do a cracking business. My salary is $10,000 a year and all expenses. We are just about to buy a controlling interest in the Russian petroleum wells, and I am looking out for a good party to represent us. If you'd like a change, sir, I can promise you a bigger salary than you get now. All we ask is some first-class references.
G.—Those I cannot give. Nobody likes my work except the emperor.
D.—Sorry to hear it; but let me give you my card. Any day that you feel you'd like to improve your condition let's know.
G.—Thanks. When the right time comes you will hear from me.
D.—That is confidential, of course. But I tell you, sir, if you'll join us you'll make money. We've got a sure thing. And if I was in your place I'd quit the ministry and go into business.

Consumption.

Dr. Robert Hunter, of Chicago, says: "Consumption is a local disease of the air passages and lungs produced by animal germs or parasites introduced from without. The door is opened to their admission by *Colds, Catarrh* and *Bronchitis* which abrade the Epithelium from the Mucous Membrane, and expose its raw surface to their attack. Consumption is thought to be incurable because it always proves fatal when treated by the stomach. When the lungs are treated directly by Antiseptic inhalations the seat of the disease is reached, the germs destroyed, and the lungs healed with as much certainty as diseases in other organs."

She Remembered the Injunction.

A teacher of the voice, a lady of no little eminence in Boston, has a little girl 5 years old, who has heard, at one time and another, a great deal of the lingo of vocal instruction. Early the other morning this lady, who was in the raptures of a morning nap, was interrupted by the arrival of her little daughter in her bed. The child curled up closely by her side and began to chatter endlessly.

"My dear," said the mother, "please don't talk to me so much, because I want to sleep some more."

"Why, mamma," said the child, "you mustn't say that. You know you always tell people to 'open their mouths and let the tone come right out!'"—*Boston Transcript.*

No Extra Session.

"My dear," said a congressman to his daughter at breakfast, "wasn't young Brown here last night until 12 o'clock?"

"Yes, papa," she replied with a pretty little blush.

"Well, my dear, you should not permit it. It has been that way for several nights, hasn't it?"

"Yes, papa."

"Don't you know that is hardly the proper thing?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then why do you do it?" he asked, impatiently.

"Because, papa, I expect to go away next week, and I am rushing the business so that there will not have to be an extra session."—*Washington Critic.*

They Rush for It.

It is said the women swarm after Moxie Nerve Food with a perfect furore. It is known to be customary for young men to use a mug of it to antidote the effects of a debauch, which it does within an hour so effectually, there is nothing felt after to remind them they have had one. Some of our most eminent physicians say it is the only nerve food of any account, as all the others are actually only mild stimulants, and soon lose there effects, while this does not, more than common food. It has been but thirteen months on the market, and the druggists say its sale is the most extraordinary ever known.

The Zulu Wept.

Dr. Holnswald, the African traveler, says that in Zululand he met the savage who killed the French Prince Imperial, and told him that if he had only taken the young man prisoner he might have got a large ransom, whereupon the Zulu wept with regret and grief.

Physiological.

Wondering child (referring to persistent masher): My teacher was wrong, wasn't she, mamma? She told me that owls were the only things that could turn their heads way round without breaking their necks.

THE OLD SABBATH.

The Day Older than the Jewish People or the Book of Genesis.

Boston *Globe* (Dem.) When one notes the origin of the Sabbath, studies the attitude of the Bible in regard to it, and follows its history down through the church, the day becomes one of rare curiosities of superstition. Let us then look at the Sabbath a little, for the facts concerning it ought to help the solution of what has come to be the Sunday newspaper question.

The day is ages older than the Jewish people or the book of Genesis. There is no rational doubt that it originated in Sabaism or planet worship. It is found among the Accadians, a Turanian people who occupied the Valley of the Euphrates long before Babylon became a city. If strictness and severity are tests of goodness there was a time when the old pagan Assyrians were better Sabbath-keepers than any Jew or Christian has ever been since. For the king himself was forbidden to eat any cooked food, to change his clothes, to take medicine, though ill, or even to engage in worship. As near as possible to do nothing at all was the only thing one was permitted to do on the Sabbath in those "good old times."

The day did not then originate with the Bible; and there is no proof that the infinite God of this universe ever commanded the keeping of any such day as the Rev. Joseph Cook became a crime when over in his last Monday lecture. For in two of the books of the Old Testament two inconsistent and mutually exclusive reasons are given for keeping it. One of these reasons is the childish one that God rested, as though tired out, after the six days' work of creation. But in the New Testament Jesus himself flatly contradicts that statement; though, even if he did not, science does; for it demonstrates the fact that the creative work is going on to-day as much as ever, and has always been going on. And then the Jewish Sabbath, according to the best Jewish scholarship, was no more like the one that New England has tried to support on divine authority than Easter is like the Fourth of July.

And when we come to the New Testament we find Jesus himself publicly branded as a Sabbath-breaker; while the writer of the Epistle to the Colossians distinctly and in terms abrogates the Sabbath law, declaring it to be no longer binding on Christians. There is no trace anywhere of an authoritative transfer of Sabbath-keeping from Saturday to Sunday. The Jewish Christians continued to keep the Sabbath, while, at the same time, they met on Sunday morning to celebrate the Lord's Supper and keep in memory their faith in the resurrection of Jesus. But the Gentile Christians generally kept Sunday only. And for hundreds of years it never occurred to the early church that there was ever any question about it being wrong to work on Sunday after their religious service was over, or to engage in any occupation they pleased.

The very first law ever passed was the edict of Constantine, issued A. D. 321. But that only made it what we would now call a holiday, releasing people from the obligation of labor. It expressly excepted agricultural laborers, whose crops might need attention; and it said not a word about its being wrong to work. It was not until the year 528 that all work was prohibited.

And all the way down through the history of the early church there is clearly seen an endeavor on the part of the Christian leaders to discourage what they regarded as the Sabbath superstitution of the Jews. St. Cyril, Jerome, Luther, Calvin, Tyndale, and others are as one on this point. They all declare the Sabbath a matter of church custom and convenience, and no part of any religious or moral law.

Sunday, as New England has known it, was an institution unheard of in either Jewish or Christian history until the time of Puritanism in England. So, however good a thing it may be, let us at least tell the truth about it; and, if we wish to keep it, let us rest it on the foundation on which it belongs.

A HELL FOR SOBER MEN.

The Effect of Selling Liquor at the Ohio Soldiers' Home—The Quarters Constantly Filled With Drunken, Howling Men.

Detroit Journal.

"When I left the National Soldiers' Home near Dayton, O.," said Samuel B. Johnson this morning, "I says to the conductor, says I, 'Are we clear of the Home grounds?' 'We are,' says the conductor. 'Well,' says I, 'I'm out of hell and I'm glad of it.'

"You see," Mr. Johnson continued, exhibiting his furlough card, "I first went to the Home in November, 1886, on account of physical disability. It was a very nice place then. You see there are about 5,000 soldiers there, all closed in by a picket fence, and we have a fine Opera-house and a church and free billiard rooms and bowling alleys and everything to make life pleasant. But besides these things there's a lager beer saloon, and that turns the place into a hell on earth. When I first went there there was no saloon. When a man wanted a drink he had to get a pass and go to Dayton. A good many got drunk and were locked up, and occasionally one got murdered. But all the drunkenness was on the outside. If a man showed the smallest trace of liquor on his return he was locked up until he became sober, and then put to work for 20 or 30 days breaking stone. And, I can tell you, that stone heap was a terror to any of the boys who drank. Well, I went away on furlough—as I am now—and last January, when I returned, I found a great change. The board of management had introduced a lager beer saloon into the limits and legalized the traffic. The result was that the home was turned into a howling hell. If a man gets drunk outside he is still punished, but he can get drunk every day in the home saloon and, unless he is violent, no one says a word. The beer is brewed especially for the home. It's as strong as bock beer, and will lay a man out as quick as whisky. I stood there the other day, watching. The men would come into the saloon at the front door sober, drink awhile and go out the back door drunk. When a man falls down drunk on one of the avenues of the home the police, instead of shoving him into the guard-room, take him to his quarters. The result is, that while the avenues are kept pretty clear of drunken men, the quarters are a howling hell. For a while after pay day each month, and also after pension day, it's terrible—men cursing and swearing and wanting to fight everybody. I tell you it's horrible for a decent man.

"I don't know who's to blame. Gen. Patrick isn't, because he fought against the saloon, and he is controlled by the management and can't help it. The decent men in the quarters don't like to complain. The police like their beer themselves, and so the thing goes on. I don't know why the officers don't interfere; perhaps they don't know."

[It is to be remembered that this home is not under the control of the state of Ohio. It belongs to the United States, and is under the entire control of the national government.]

MINIMIZED PERSONALITIES.

Mrs. Logan is pestered by many begging letters.

Capt. Eads leaves an estate worth fully $100,000.

In India there are four female missionaries to every 1,000,000 of women.

Mark Twain is said to be the most popular American writers with the Germans.

The late Henry Ward Beecher carried $100,000 of life insurance, in different companies. All this goes to Mrs. Beecher.

Report has it that Sen. Ingalls still preserves the first fee he ever received as a lawyer, namely, a table and a high desk, made by a carpenter client.

The widow of Garibaldi lives in a quiet street of Turin, the walls of her little parlor covered with flags, medals and other mementoes of the dead hero.

A London physician of eminence has discovered that tight lacing is highly beneficial to the community. "It causes," he says, "the fools among women to die young."

Longfellow was a tender-hearted boy. One day he followed his elder brother, who was a natural sportsman, into the woods for game. He came home with his eyes full of tears, because he had shot and killed a robin. He never went hunting again.

When Henry Ward Beecher applied for a life insurance in the Union Mutual thirty years ago, he was asked the usual question as to the health of his heart. His answer read: "Experienced a peculiar feeling about the heart during the days of my courtship."

March is a noted month for birthdays of living rulers. Among those who were born in this month are King Humbert, of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, the Empress of Brazil, the Czar of Russia, Pope Leo, the King of Wurtemberg, the Emperor William, of Germany, and Pres. Cleveland.

Nothing Mean About Her.

At the close of a recent trial for divorce the lady, when pronounced dismarried, was overheard to say to her ex-husband: "Now that everything is straight, I hope you will put away hatred, as I am sure I have done. I am always at home on Wednesdays to all friends who call, and would be enchanted to receive you on a perfectly friendly footing."—*Boston Gazette.*

Asthma Can Be Cured.

As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to any one. Tarr Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

Yours for Health

20 Years Record.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure for ALL of those Painful Diseases and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER, (or Liquid, Pill or Lozenge form, (50 cts. per box or $5.) Either of the latter sent by mail on receipt of price. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" and Confidential Circular mailed to any lady sending address and stamp to Lynn, Mass. *Mention this Paper.*

ITS MERITS KEEP UP THE SALE.

☞ It is a Blessing to Overworked Women. It Removes Faintness, Flatulency, all Craving for Stimulants, and Relieves Weakness of the Stomach. Cures Leucorrhœa. Menstrual Periods Passed *without* Pain.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It.

☞ It Revives the Drooping Spirits, Invigorates and Harmonizes the Organic Functions, Gives Elasticity and Firmness to the Step, Restores the Natural Lustre to the Eye, and Flashes on the Pale Cheek of Woman the Fresh Roses of Life's Spring and Early Summer Time.

WEARY WOMEN PRAISE IT.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does all it claims to do. It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

The *Woman's Sure Friend* for all Delicate and Complicated Troubles. Ladies it will not Perform Surgical Operations or cure Cancer, but it will under all Circumstances, act in Harmony with the Laws of Nature. ☞ That Feeling of Bearing Down, Causing Pain, Weight and Backache, is always Permanently Cured by its use.

☞ **All Sold by Druggists.** ☜

Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver, 25 cents.

The Forgetfulness of the Patriarchs.

Colored Worshipper—"Mistah Clarence, wasn't dem Patriarchs of old de mos' forgetfullest men you ebber knowed of?"

Mr. C—"How so, Mr. Johnson?"

Mr. J.—"Why, I heerd de preacher at my house ob worship read out de good book time an' time again how Abraham he forget Isaac, an' Isaac he forget Jacob, and Jacob he 'forget a whole lot moah. 'Pears like dem Patriarchs couldn't 'member anybody."

Rigid Honesty of a Porter.

A Pullman car porter on a Western road found a roll of bills amounting to $1,700 in a boot he was blacking, and he returned it to the owner. He didn't do it, however, until the owner caught him two miles from a station and held a pistol at his ear. —*Boston Herald.*

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch

We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will *you* buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them secretly in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The four divines	65
The four generals	65
The entire set of eight	1 15

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

100 Salesmen wanted. Best terms and wages. Write J. Austin Shaw, Rochester, N. Y.

No tights. Photos, female, from life. For gents only. Sealed samples, 25c. 15 for $1. Otway Novelty Co. Otway, O.

Something More About Sewing Machines!

READ THIS CAREFULLY!

The Blade Sewing Machine

Is winning new laurels every day, and is making its way into public favor with a rapidity that no previous Machine every did. Why?

Because it is the best Machine on the market, a Machine built upon entirely new principles, and one which will do more kinds of work than any Machine made, and do it as well as the best, and better than most.

Because it is the Handsomest Machine made. Because it is the CHEAPEST. You have been paying from $35 to $45 for machines not so good and not so Handsome.

You Get the Blade Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18,

Which is less than half the price of the monopoly machines. Because it is a new machine, and not an old one re-built.

And mind you it is a HIGH ARM MACHINE, enabling you to handle your work easily, and is furnished with a complete set of Attachments, without extra charge. AND IT IS WARRANTED BY THE BLADE COMPANY.

Now read these testimonials, and bear in mind we have thousands just as strong:

DODGE CITY, KAS.

The machine came in due time and in good order, and the freight bill to this place (Dodge City, Kas.,) was $1.99. It is every way perfectly satisfactory. The machine is first class in all its parts. Wife says it is as good a machine as she ever sewed on. It is simple, durable and light-running, and is a much finer-looking machine than we expected for the price. The Blade Co. is rendering a great service to housekeepers all over the land by producing so good a machine at so small a price. It is a daisy, and we take pride in recommending it to every body. You may publish this if you wish to.

W. J. ELLIOTT,
South West Kas. Con. M. E. Church.

YOUNG HICKORY, O.

Blade Company:

I received my sewing machine in good order and can say it far exceeds my expectations. It runs very light, and as far as sewing is concerned I have tried it until I am satisfied that it can't be beat, makes a beautiful stitch, as good, if not better than any I have ever sewed on, and I have used a number of first class machines. Can recommend it to any one that wants a good sewing machine for little money. I can use all the attachments save one and that is "foot hemmer and feller combined." There are instructions for using it, but I haven't got it. I would like you to send it to me.

VELLA WILSON.

If you want a machine order it at once. You should get in your order very soon.

Remember the Blade Sewing Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.

The Machine is the best in the world. It is a new machine, upon an entirely new principle, and manufactured by ourselves in our own factory.

FULL SET OF ATTACHMENTS.

ADDRESS

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Story of a Postal Card.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—
"For twelve years!"
After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop "Bitters;"
And I am perfectly cured. I keep it
"All the time!"
Respectfully, B. F. BOOTH, Saulsbury, Tenn., May 4, 1884.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1885.

It has cured me of several diseases such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in years, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them.

MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., Jan. 15, 1886.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up very night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I should never die in peace till I had tried Hop Bitters. When I had taken two bottles they helped me very much indeed. When I had taken two more bottles I was well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they cured me, and they used them and were cured and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

Yours truly,
MRS. JULIA G. CUSHING.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000, done less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous "weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."—Mr. R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its nursing mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, "Bright's disease, rheumatism and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters," if taken in time.

"Luddington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1885. I have sold Hop Bitters for ten years, and there" is no medicine that equals them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints, and all diseases incident to this malarious climate. H. T. ALEXANDER.

"Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25th, 1885. SIRS:—I have been taking Hop Bitters for Inflammation "of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me "what four physicians failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.

GENTS:—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility, or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. STOETZEL, 638 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

Can You Answer This?

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

"My Mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—*Ed. Oswego Sun*

"My little sickly, puny baby, was changed into a great bouncing boy, and I was raised from a sick bed by using Hop Bitters a short time." A YOUNG MOTHER.

THE WATERBURY "Nasby Watch,"

During the past year we have mailed a great many thousands of the famous

WATERBURY WATCHES

to our patrons, and they have almost universally given satisfaction.

Out of the enormous number mailed only a very small percentage have been found faulty, and as those were immediately sent back to us and either put in order or new ones sent, there has been practically no complaint.

The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

As the manufacturers warrant them to us, we warrant them to our patrons. Every faulty watch is made good as soon as it can be got around in the mails.

The price of the Waterbury Watch is always and everywhere $3.50. They can not be bought anywhere for less. We do this: The WEEKLY BLADE one year and the Waterbury Watch, $3.50. Which is to say you get the BLADE at its price and the batch for a dollar less than its price or the Watch at its price and the BLADE for nothing. We are making you a present of a dollar in either event, and you are getting the best family paper in the world and the best time piece.

Enclose $3.50 to

BLADE, Toledo, O.

and secure one of these superb Watches and the BLADE for one year.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Bankers and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. L. SAUNDERS, State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FOURTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS D, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, April 12, 1887, —203d Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

☞ Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000
1,000 "	50	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100	Approximation Prizes of	$300	$ 30,000
100	" "	200	20,000
100	" "	100	10,000
2,179	Prizes, amounting to		$ 335,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity. All the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what numbers will draw a Prize. All parties therefore advertising to guarantee Prizes in this Lottery, or holding out any other impossible inducements are swindlers, and only aim to deceive and defraud the unwary.

Mineral, Timber and Farming Lands for sale. Parks & Rogers, Dunktown, Tenn.

RHEUMATISM Easily cured by RUACU'S. No internal physic. No appliance to wear. No lotion. An article to place under foot of bed. Needs no attention whatever. Trial free. Agents wanted. RUACUA CO., Paterson, N. J.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

	Their Price.	With BLADE
WEEKLIES.		
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 20
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 20
New York Ledger	3 00	3 25
Scientific American	3 00	3 00
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 50
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 00
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 85
Rural New Yorker (with seeds)	2 00	2 75
MONTHLIES.		
St. Louis Magazine	1 50	1 75
Wide Awake	3 00	3 25
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 25
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 50
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 10
Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 00	2 30
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 20
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 40
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 05
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 50
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	2 40
The Century	4 00	4 50
Harper's Young People	2 00	2 60

We stipulate that we must receive AT THE SAME time one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other paper ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same postoffice.

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

BIG PAY FOR LITTLE WORK.

Every Friend of the Blade Should Read this Carefully.

$2,000.00!!

TO BE GIVEN AWAY IN PREMIUMS.

WHO WILL GET THEM?

The Blade Company wants to Give Away $2,000 in Valuable Property, which it proposes to do in this way:

WE OFFER—

For the largest number of subscribers sent us by any one person between the date of this issue and the First of May, 1887, A FIRST CLASS STANDARD PIANO, worth	$650 00
To the one sending us the next largest number, A CABINET ORGAN, worth	300 00
To the one sending the third largest number, A FIRST-CLASS SINGER SEWING MACHINE, worth	75 00
To the raisers of the next 25 largest, each A BLADE SEWING MACHINE, worth each	18 00
To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs a choice of books, either "Andersonville" or "Nasby in Exile," worth each	3 50
To the raisers of the next 50 largest ones, each a Waterbury Watch, worth each	3 50
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs a choice of the books "Social Etiquette," or "Health and Beauty," worth each	1 00
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs, a copy of the magnificent steel engraving, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," worth $10 each, but sold by us at	1 00

Now, mind you, here are 328 premiums to be given 328 people, no matter how few subscribers they send in. We shall keep an accurate record of the names sent in by the contestants, and on the first day of May, 1887, the premiums will be awarded from our books. And please remember this: If you are going to send any clubs at all, you may as well try to reach one of these premiums. You get the

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

III.—(Continued.)

Lifting Jack into her lap, with soothing gentle words, she proceeded to unwrap the little hand from its windings in a handkerchief. An exclamation of absolute horror at the sight of the terribly bruised fingers was quickly turned into the approving words:

"My brave Jack! What a soldier you have been to bear this, while mamma was taking care of Ned. I did not know you were hurt in this way. How did it happen?"

The boy's sobs had hushed under his mother's touch and words, and while she bathed the wound in water as warm as he could bear, he told the story of how Ned was sawing off the small limb which he had hold of while sitting upon the plank. Suddenly the limb broke, and the unexpected giving away threw Ned down, his head striking the trunk of the tree as he fell to the ground. The jar made the plank slip and his own hand was caught between it and the larger limb of the tree towards which it moved. When the blood was washed away, for the skin was broken in several places, in fact one finger was almost mashed flat, and after a careful examination to see that no foreign substance, such as a splinter of wood, a little dust or small stone had found its way among the fibers, she bound the hand up in cloths wet in cold water, and then put it into a sling as she had Ted's when he was burned. All this time the pain continued severe, and the little fellow's face was as pale as ashes.

"Now, my boy must lie down," she said.

"But, mamma, I can't go to sleep," sobbed Jack; "it pains me so. Mamma, let me stay with you."

"You shall stay with me, dear, or at least I will be right here by you. Here is the lounge, and you can rest as well as if you were in bed, and not be away from me."

Jack yielded with that view of the arrangement, and was soon tucked away comfortably upon the broad, roomy lounge. Then to my surprise, I saw his mother give him an anodyne, and he was soon quiet.

"Did you think that so necessary?" I asked.

"Yes, to control the pain," she said; "the process of healing will never begin so long as he is in his present nervous and excitable condition. His pulse is quicker than it should be, though his skin is cold. If the pain is subdued so he can sleep, nature will quickly assert herself, and begin her work. Jack will soon be all right. I wish I was as sure of Ned."

Ned had slept about an hour when a slight movement showed that he had awakened. His mother went noiselessly to his side, while I waited anxiously to see what her face would say as to his condition. She had already told me that if he was himself when he awake, she should feel that the immediate danger had passed. His first words dissipated all apprehension on that ground.

"Mamma, is that you?" he said. "May I have a drink?" His voice was perfectly clear, though the tones were weak.

A glass of cold water was handed to him, which he drank down as if it was the most delicious nectar.

"That was a hard knock I got, wasn't it, mamma? My! but didn't I see stars!"

"Can you tell me how it happened, Ned?" his mother said.

His story was the same as Jack's in every particular, showing that his head was no longer confused, but when he had finished he seemed very tired.

"Has the doctor come?" she asked a little later, hearing a noise in the yard.

Just then Bill appeared at the door and beckoned me out, when he told me that the doctor had gone in another direction and would not be back for some hours. He had left word for him to come at once on his return, instead of going for some one else, not realizing that in such cases the vital matter was to act promptly.

"Then I must act for myself," my friend said when I told her this, and she proceeded to remove the cloth from Ned's head, wet it again in cold water, and arrange it as before. Then she gave him also an anodyne, and he soon went to sleep again.

"Now I wish you would tell me something about such hurts as these," I said, as we were sitting quietly together, while the boys slept, and the house was still.

"I will try and tell you what I know," she answered. "Of course you understand that in a bruise the parts are all thrown out of order. There are the minute capillaries which are so numerous, the terminal nerves, lymph ducts, perspiratory glands, and they are all fitted in together exactly in the places where they can best do their work. You can imagine that a pressure or blow that puts them all in confusion is likely to be felt through the whole body. The important thing is to restore a normal circulation through the injured parts, and this can be done much sooner than at first seems possible, especially if the skin be not broken. The application of water stops the flowing of blood, and diminishes any tendency to congestion. It is the very best thing to use under such circumstances.

"How would you treat Ned, should the doctor not come at all?" I asked.

"It all depends upon how he is to-morrow and to-morrow night. Should he wake up feeling bright and clear headed, and continue so for the next few days, I shall be greatly encouraged, but will not be absolutely sure that all danger has passed until after the eighth day. You see the concussion may have broken some tiny blood-vessel in the head, but at first the flow is so little as not to be noticed. As it goes on day after day collecting, by and by the pressure will be so great as to be felt and observed. To-day is Tuesday. If Thursday he can walk around without being dizzy, then my anxiety will begin to grow lighter. Until that time, and indeed for the eight days of doubt, I shall keep him under my own eye. He must be quiet, and eat only light food."

"Shall you let him go out of doors, if he seems to be getting better? He is such an active boy, it will be hard to shut him up in the house, unless he is absolutely sick in bed."

"Nor do I mean to. If there are any persons who need the fresh air, they are growing children. They live out of doors, if they are permitted to do what pleases them best. They know by instinct what it seems impossible for the best and wisest writers and teachers of hygiene to beat into the heads of adults, that they feel better the more time they spend in the open air. For the 24 hours or more that Ned must remain indoors, I shall see to it that the air of his room is entirely changed several times. When he can sit up in the arm chair, I shall draw him to different parts of the room and into the next one for the slight change in surroundings. As soon as he is strong enough I will take him out in the yard, but no matter how well he may seem, he cannot play with the other children until the eight days are over. I should not dare to allow it. After to-morrow morning I shall put a dry dressing of cotton over the wound if it looks right."

"What will be the symptoms if he is not all right?"

"He will be likely to rest uneasily, have bad dreams, and an uncomfortable feeling or dizziness in his head when he moves. I shall be sure then that there is trouble, and it might be fatal to my boy, my brave Ned,' and her face paled, while the tears filled the eyes that usually looked all trouble so steadfastly in the face.

"I suppose you want to know about Jack's bruise," she said, after a few moments of silence. "I do not look for any trouble with him. His hand will be terrible sore for a few days, but by making him carry it in a sling, he will come out all right. To-morrow I shall remove the wet dressing entirely, and put on a thin linen cloth with a very little vaseline upon it, and then lay dry cotton over that. Too much vaseline would impair the healing process."

"Will you let him go out of doors?"

"All that he wants to. The great thing in all injuries is to keep the bodily functions in the best possible order. Unless there is some reason for quiet, as in Ned's case, it is better to let him go out, only taking care that he does not get cold or injure the wound in some way to check the healing.

"How can you tell whether it is getting on all right?"

"By the looks along the broken edges. As soon as the circulation begins to return, a little filmy substance will be put out across the wound, which is the first process in the healing. If that shiny appearance is absent, and it begins to look red and angry, it shows that all is not going on well. Then it is best to wash it off in carbolized water, or you may put on carbolized salve, either of which will disinfect the wound, and put it in a better condition. He will be very likely to complain of a numb feeling to-morrow, but this will disappear as soon as the circulation is well established." EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be continued.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

Ball of Twine Cover.—This is made of two shades of satin ribbon an inch and a half wide—that is, if it is to be used for balls of the ordinary size. It needs six pieces, three of each color, about eight inches long. Overhand them together for a sufficient distance to cover the ball when drawn up, and enough more to make a ruffle around the top. Turn the pieces out off and run them on around the top so they will lie down satin side out, cut the end of each on a point and sew on a tiny gilt bell. Draw the bottom up over a small ring which will allow the twine to run through. Run a shirr around the top a little below the edge so as to leave a frill, and put in narrow ribbon to hang it up by. There should also be an end of the ribbon to which a tiny pair of scissors are fastened, to be ready to cut the twine when it is needed.

Mrs. L. C. "Fancy Work and House Decoration" can be had by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

Feather Flowers for Emma.—I will try to add to Mrs. B. F. Smith's instruction. First I tie in bunches feathers for different colors. Aniline and diamond dyes will do. Color some all over, others the center, others the edges. Then take the wing feathers, commence at quill and trim slanting to tip; hold tip and strip down carefully, hold and twist. Paint green for sprays. Take the trimmings from those in small pieces and dip the ends in hot rosin. They are for centers in some flowers. In some put down such as rose buds. I use emerald green for leaves and sprays, one tube, 15 cents; green paper for stems. —EVA WALP, Eskridge, Kas.

Grate Screen.—I want to tell you how to make something real ornamental yet inexpensive to place before a grate after they are closed for the summer, or to tack on the wall. Take a strip of paper 2 feet wide and 6 feet long; paste 12 or 15 different kinds of wall paper on, and when dry fold back and forth and tie securely at the end; it will open like a fan. Three or four small ones in a group are also pretty. A strip of narrow border pasted along one side makes a pretty finish for it. My china cupboard is about two feet lower than the ceiling. I have a handsome one that fills the space, and on the inside I lay papers on the shelves and take white perforated tissue paper, such as we buy, and paste it along the edges. Over the mantel grate, instead of using the same kind of paper that was put on the wall, I had a forest among the geese, turkeys, pigs, etc., etc. You don't know what an interesting medley it is.—M. M. M.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; n, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Lace Edging.—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 2; 2d row—s 1—k, the rest plain; all the even rows are the same; 3d row—s 1—k 10—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 5th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 7th row—s 1—k 12—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 9th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 11th row—s 1—k 14—o—n—o—n—o—k 2; 13th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 5—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 15th row—s 1—k 11—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 17th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 19th row—s 1—k 9—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 21st row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 5—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 23d row—s 1—k 7—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 24th row—k plain; 25th row—s and b all but 16, and begin at 1st row. This is a very pretty edging for pillow slips. Knit on fine needles, with No 40 thread.—M. E. H., Oregon.

Narrow Crotcheted Edge.—Make 8 chain—1st row—3 tr 1 ch 3 tr. (this forms 1 shell) in 5th st; 4 ch, turn; 2d row—sh on sh, 1 tr in 4 ch at the end of row, 3 ch, turn; 3d row—s h on s h, 6 tr separated by 2 ch in 4 ch.; fasten last treble in all succeding scallops to the two chain following the preceding scallops, 1 ch, turn; 4th row—1 d c, 9 tr 1 d c in each of spaces by 3 ch; 2 ch at end of scallop; sh on s h; 1 tr in 3 ch.; 3 ch, turn. Repeat from beginning.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dallas, Waco County, Oregon.

Orange Quarter Tidy for A. M. S.—Chain 6 stitches, join in a ring with s c.—1st row: 4 d c and 3 chain four times in the ring; 2d row: 2 d c on the first d c of preceding row, 2 ch, 1 next 2 sts, 2 d c, 3 ch in next 3 ch 5 and join with 2 d c in next d c making 6 d c on the four d c of last row, four times; 3d row: 8 d c on the 6 d c of last row and 7 chains, 4 times; 4th row: 10 d c in like manner on the 8 d c of last row, and 9 chains, 4 times, fasten the last 9 ch with s c to the last 10 d c; break the thread. This makes four half quarters or one wheel. Make another in like manner and join the last 10 d c to the last 10 d c of 1st wheel, which makes one quarter, break the thread, make each wheel piece and join in the same way, until you have the desired size. Mine is ten quarters square or 100 wheel pieces. Finish with a fringe, a finger wide all around. It makes a handsome tidy for piano stool.—MRS. KITTIE DENNIS.

Correspondence.

The HOUSEHOLD will welcome the first of a series of articles by the well-known and accomplished writer, "Fanny Field," who knows whereof she speaks, being one of the most successful practical poultry raisers in the country.—ED.

CHICKEN CHAT, No. 1.—"Our hens have a fairly comfortable poultry house and have had all they would eat of a great variety of food, but during the months of November, December and January, when eggs were the highest, they did not lay enough to pay for the skim milk they drank. Now (February 21) they are beginning to lay," writes an Iowa friend and reader of the BLADE, and other readers of the BLADE have entered similar complaints against their hens. In fact, judging from the letters I have received, it looks very much as if the majority of hens had joined the Knights of Labor last fall, struck, and have only just concluded to return to work. I say it looks that way; the truth of the matter is that the fault was not with the hens, but their owners or keepers. I know what I am talking about, for I have looked into the matter a good deal, and in nine cases out of ten that came under observation, these non-laying flocks of fowls that were well-cared for, were composed of late-hatched, immature pullets, and old, sometimes very old, hens. Now immature pullets, and old hens that laid the previous summer and fall, will not lay much in winter; anyway, I never could induce them to lay until the middle of February. But it is no use crying "split milk," for eggs that were not laid when they would have been worth three cents apiece. What we ought to do now is to "look a little out" and not get caught that way next winter. Looking a long way ahead am I? Of course I am; that's the way to do; the poultry keeper who does not look and plan ahead will be liable to look regretfully backward one of these days—say about the time when eggs get to be worth three cents again and his hens won't lay.

If you want hens that will do their duty next winter, you want to begin now. How? By setting hens just as soon as you can get some broody hens and the eggs. It is the early-hatched pullets that commence laying in October, and if well housed and cared for, lay right along until February or March, when they are ready to sit. If you keep the larger birds, the pullets intended for winter layers should be hatched not later than April; the smaller birds, Leghorns and Hamburgs, mature earlier, and should be hatched in May and June. What if you have the old-fashioned, common fowls, of no particular breed? Get a Plymouth Rock, or Wyandotte, or Partridge Cochin cockerel right off, mate him with your best hens, and set the eggs a week or ten days later.

It is not always an easy matter, especially when your hens have been idle all winter, to have broody hens in March and the first part of April, but you will probably have some. Your old hens that commenced laying the latter part of February will begin to think of rearing families by the first of April and you should encourage them by allowing the eggs to accumulate in the nests. If any of your hens have nests away from the main flock, do not, after the danger of chilling the eggs is over, gather the eggs from those nests, and the hens will probably take a notion to sit as soon as they have a nest-ful of eggs. But if your hens wont assume maternal duties in any decent kind of season, perhaps you can obtain sitting hens of some of your neighbors. Many times we were short of sitting hens, I have exchanged hens with neighbors, giving a laying hen in exchange for a sitting one. Have the nest ready with some china eggs in it, get the strange sitter after dark, place her in the nest, fasten her in and do not disturb her for 24 hours, and you needn't disturb her then—only remove the board in front of the nest after dark, and place food and water where the hen will see it when she wakes up next morning. In nine cases out of ten the hen will come off, eat and drink, loaf around a little while, and then go back to nest. If she does you can safely trust her with a sitting of "real eggs," but if she does not return to the nest you must put her back and fasten her in for another day and night. At the end of that time she will either be ready to sit, or else "broken up." Bear in mind that in order to succeed in inducing a hen to sit in a strange place, you must handle the hen gently, and carefully avoid frightening her.—FANNY FIELD.

TAKING CARE OF CHILDREN.—I noticed in the BLADE three weeks ago a request from Mrs. Emma Ludwig to "Moss Rose" to give the correct way of taking care of a young baby. I wish to tell her my way. I do not say it is correct, but I think that I have got along a great deal easier, and I think it better for her than taking the old haphazard way of letting them nurse every time they cry, no matter what ails them. They need regular meals as much as grown people in order to keep their digestive organs in good condition.

Well, I let my babies nurse every two hours until they are two months old. I do not let them nurse more than twice in the night, and not at all if they do not wake up, and when I want to wean them I do it gradually by not letting them nurse so often, and think it is better for both mother and child.

You say your baby cries nearly all the time, and I think maybe he is hungry. Perhaps you do not give him enough to satisfy as he wants, or perhaps his bands are too tight. Do not keep them so tight that they will not wrinkle, for this is uncomfortable, and will also cause constipation. Babies rarely, if ever, cry from being cross, but from distress. I never give soothing syrups as they only make them worse. A little weak catnip tea is the best thing I ever tried for colic, though our children were never troubled with it much. I think if you get them used to the air, they will have it very little.

I let my little baby sleep in a little bed with castors on, instead of rockers, as we did not rock our children, as you see they are well and get sleepy they will go to sleep without any trouble, and they sleep so much better when they are alone, without any one to disturb them.

Have a good bed for your baby, straw, I think, better than feathers; a soft pillow put about as much over on as you use it for yourself if you were sleeping alone. In cold weather put a little blanket over the head, but leave a little place for it to breathe the fresh air, and your baby will sleep well and it will be a benefit to its health.

My baby is five months old, and when he is well he will sleep all night without wakening. I lay him on his side, and turn him over once in the night. My children generally wake up good natured. I have three which have been very healthy, except the oldest, who is troubled with erysipelas, for which we have found elder-blow tea the best remedy. Make a tea and take pretty freely, also bathe the parts broken out with it, until well, but keep taking the tea once in awhile to cleanse the blood.

Our children are subject to croup when they get a little cold. We have never had a doctor for either croup or fever. For croup, grease the throat and lungs with camphor and lard melted together, and cover them up warm. Have them lay on their stomach, if they will. If not, put a woolen cloth around the neck and over the lungs and hold the hand tightly on the throat to keep it warm, and they will soon breathe easier.

For fever, cover up warm and bathe all over with a little warm, soft water, with a teaspoonful of soda in it, then wash out the cloth and get some clean water, and keep bathing until the fever is gone and they begin to sweat. Keep a wet cloth on the stomach and bowels if there is any danger of inflammation. This will cure any kind of a fever, if taken in time and properly done.—EXPERIENCE.

WEARING BIRDS.—"Aunt Emma" wants to know "what the ladies think of the societies being formed over the country for the purpose of ignoring the fashion of wearing stuffed birds on bonnet or hat." I for one say success to them, and if there was such a society in our town I certainly should join it. It is barbarous and cruel to make such slaughter among beautiful, innocent little birds, and their sweet songs hushed, just to gratify the silly fashion of decking out ladies' millinery goods with the bright plumage. If "Aunt Emma" has reference to the English sparrow, I cannot agree with her there. I think we have abundant reasons why they should be exterminated. I call them the most selfish, unprincipled bird among birds. I don't know as they have a redeeming trait, neither have they a pleasant note in their song, nothing but a senseless gab and chatter, and as for being useful, I have watched their habits closely that they are Mormons—claiming several mates during one nesting season. But the worst of all is their attacking our native birds in such mobs, and annoying them in different ways, until our birds are gradually yielding the ground and seeking more quiet quarters. It is a very unpleasant thought, to my mind, to have the birds that have been associated with all my life driven away by these persistent interlopers.—PEN.

LITERATURE CRITICISED.—At the present age cheap and inferior literature is thoroughly distributed over our civilized world with an influence rendering the people thereof uncivilized to an alarming extent; not exactly making savages of them, but changing them into a state of harmless idiocy unfit for practical dependence and work.

Certainly this is not excusable. I have been not only shocked, but deeply grieved, that some of our leading editors should, through the columns of their papers, submit to the public the productions of authors whose language was so replete with vulgar expressions as to render the theme unintelligible to intellectual readers. Charles Reade furnishes a complete specimen of this class of illegitimate effort. The word diction can scarcely be applied to his mode of expression. The only thing remarkable about him is the excessive coarseness which he has developed—as he constantly makes evident—to such a degree as would seem almost impossible for one person.

Editors incur a great responsibility in the reading matter they publish. Not only do they hazard their own reputations, but it is for them in large part to degrade, or raise the intellect of our people, the majority of whom will read what ever they can get, and naturally their characters will grow to an equal standard with the literature they peruse.

Man's nature is in accordance with the books he reads.—E. MELLOTTE, box 240, Beallsville, Ohio.

Inquiries.

Will some one send directions for knitting narrow edging of nine or ten stitches? Also, will some one please give the names of the different wedding anniversaries?—MINNEHAHA.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD tell me of some vine that I can plant at the west side of my kitchen windows, something that will grow rapidly? Also, will some one please tell how I can ornament a very large bottle. I do not paint. I have tried ribbon bow and bouquet of flowers, but it looks so bare.—E. C.

Will the sister signing her name "Isadore" in February 17, 1887, look over her lace and see if there is not a mistake in the second row? I saw some time ago a request for a baby buggy robe knit or crocheted, but have not seen it answered yet.—A READER OF THE BLADE.

I am more interested in bee-keeping than husband-keeping. Will some give information? Would it pay to keep only a dozen stands? Will the editor please tell where I can get a short treatise on teaching kindergarten?—S. B. G.

Write to Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

Will some reader of the BLADE give information where is good government land with plenty of timber and water?—W. H. COLWALD, The Antlers, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Will some kind member of the HOUSEHOLD please give a recipe for brewer's yeast, or for yeast such as we obtain at the vinegar works? There was a recipe given for making yeast in large quantities that had been in it about a year ago. If any one has it will they please send it again?—MRS. G. H. S.

Will some one please tell me how to make tomato catsup? Also give remedy for gapes in chickens?—S. E. C.

Will Mrs. S. kindly tell Mrs. K. through the BLADE what she got that cured the itch in her family? And what was it like on the skin? What I have shows no spots, simply an itch in the skin, which you scratch until the blood comes and then get better, and after a time it comes again.—MRS. K.

Will some one inform me through the HOUSEHOLD of some cheap and easy way to render brown muslin waterproof? Also the best and most convenient method to erect a hen-house 12 feet long, 6½ feet high and 7 feet wide?

Will some one please give directions for making a cheap screen, where to secure the material and full directions for making, as I do not know anything about making one? One that will be suitable for country bedroom?—"AMY."

I would like to ask Mrs. D. R. C. what is the matter with my soap. I made some according to the recipe given in the BLADE some time ago and thought I had nice soap until I put it away to dry. The soda crystalizes and falls off and I am very much afraid there will be nothing left in a few weeks. If any one else has tried it please tell me what success you have had.—C. A. W.

Some time ago some one stated in the HOUSEHOLD that to use sasafras would absorb cataract from the eye. Will the person, or some one who knows, state if the sasafras is known by any other name; where it can be obtained and how to use it? —AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. S. Ewing, Nebraska, wishes to know whether "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book" contains medical recipes as well as for cooking. It does, and very reliable ones. There are also all kinds of household recipes, a description of "Bee Keeping," Poultry raising, etc. You will find the book invaluable. Send $2 to the Locke Publishing Co., and get one.—ED.

"Anxious Enquirer"—Write to the "Woman's Industrial and Educational Bureau," 74 Boylston street, Boston, for information as to whether the firm whose name you enclose is reliable or not. We are unable to tell you.—ED.

1. Please tell me how to find the address of a person that has moved away.

2. Is there pay in silk worm culture?

3. Where could I send to get a start?—E. J., Boxley, Ham. Co., Ind.

We know of no other way than to advertise in the leading papers of the place the person moved from, for some friend who can give the address, or if you know the place to which he has removed, write to the postmaster there.

There is a difference of opinion as to the results of silk culture. No doubt it is with this as with other business; if well managed there are fair returns.

Write to the Agricultural Bureau, Washington, or to some one of the many silk culturists in the different parts of the country.—ED.

Seeing an inquiry in the HOUSEHOLD department of the BLADE for the address of some one who lives in California, also of some one who lives where the mistletoe grows, I send mine.—MRS. N. D. EVANS, Happy Camp, Del Norte county, Cal.

I have seen several inquiries from people who were suffering from asthma, asking for information in regard to a climate where they can get relief. I will give my experience: I lived in Michigan and was a great sufferer with asthma; also had a bad cough. I came to Riverside, Cal., December 1, last, and have had an attack of it since. Riverside is a lovely place, with the orange groves, the finest in the world, and its semi-tropical climate makes it a delightful place to live.—MRS. F, Box 117, Riverside, Cal.

I am entirely "shut in" at home, and have not means to obtain books and papers. If the HOUSEHOLD has old papers, or any good reading that they would like to contribute, where they would be appreciated, and would send the same to my address, they would be very gratefully received.—MRS. A. MERRIAM, Avon, Bon Homme county, Dakota.

If "Willie Leesh," of Texas, will take a lemon and put in it one teaspoonful of salt and as much sugar as he likes and eat as soon as he is attacked with the headache, I think it will help him, and if one lemon does not relieve him eat two.—MRS. C. POL.

I will say to Mrs. Cunningham, who asked in the BLADE of Saturday, the 12th, "How to rid canaries of lice," that I have done so effectually in this way: I put a large dish of water in the cage every night for two weeks or more, into which the lice would drop, for they crawl off the bird during the night. Then I let the bird out and pour boiling water over the cage, and after that set it in the oven to get thoroughly heated, which will destroy all mites. It will require some perseverence and the cage may require more than one washing and baking. The bird was so troubled with lice that he did not sing for months.—MAUDE, Toledo, O.

If "Miss R. A. R." in Weekly BLADE of February 17, will correspond with W. B. O., box 1, Loveland, Col., she can find a good christian home.—W. B. O., box 1.

Recipes.

Fig Candy.—1 cupful of sugar; ¾ cupful of water; ¼ teaspoonful of cream tartar. Do not stir while boiling. Boil to amber color, stir in cream tartar just before taking from the fire. Wash figs, open, and lay in a dish. Pour the candy over.—EMMA WARREN.

Cure for Kidney Trouble.—Some time ago some one asked for a remedy for kidney trouble. I believe, if commenced in time, most, if not all the kidney trouble, could be cured by the use of plantain root tea. Put three or four roots in tincup half full of hot water, let come to a boil, and when cool drink several swallows, not over three or four times a day. The roots may be washed and dried for winter use. This is very simple, but I believe you will find it to be an effective remedy.—A SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE.

For Keeping Beef.—To 100 lbs. of beef, 6 lbs salt (packing salt is the best), 3 lbs. sugar, 2 oz. saltpetre, 3 gals. water. Boil 4 qrts. of water. Put all in a kettle and while heating know that all is dissolved, bring to a boil, then skim; pack beef in a clean cask, tight enough for the 14 qrts. of skimmed brine to cover and add a clean stone or something for a weight to keep beef under brine. Turn brine on hot and scald and skim the same brine in a week or ten days, turn on hot, have beef set in a cool place, even if it freeze no matter, better freeze than set in a warm place, for beef is nearly as sensitive as butter and requires great care in having brine scalded and cask kept clean and pure.

A Pickle for Bacon.—To 100 lbs. ham, 7 lbs. salt, 4 ozs. salt petre, 2 qts. sa e molasses with water to cover meat. Brine strong enough to bear up an egg.—even if a little more salt is added. Meat to stay in brine six weeks, then smoked.

For epizootic in a horse: Soon as the throat begins to swell take equal parts of kerosene oil, such as we burn in lamps, and spirits of camphor—the gum dissolved in alcohol—shake well in a bottle, then apply with a feather to the horse's throat, on the outside, every two or three hours. Keep the horse warm and his bowels loose—food light—don't work him while sick. Will not take the hair off.—MRS. ELIZA BURGDORF, Bennetsville, N. Y.

Cure for Epilepsy.—Bromide of ammonia 2 scruples; bromide of potash, 4 drachms; bicarbonate of potash, 15 grains; tincture of columbo, 15 ounces; water, 3 ounces. Dose, teaspoonfuls 3 times a day.—SKANEATELES.

Remedy for a Burn—Which I know to be good: Make a cold paste of flour and water and apply immediately and if not too badly burned will not blister.—W. H. E.

Cure For Tetter.—M. J. S. in BLADE of 25th ult., asks for a remedy for tetter in the head of 12 years standing. The following remedy has cured cases of over 30 years standing after multiplied remedies had failed beyond temporary mitigation, and he has personal knowledge of like success in several other cases on the hands and wrists of long standing: 2 ozs. sweet oil; 2 ozs. Venice turpentine; 2 ozs oil of tar; 1 oz. calomel. Warm the oils together; when nearly cool stir in the calomel. Stir up each time it is used.—J. C.

—The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superceded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets."

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others.

Witness our names:		
VAN WERT, O.	LADDSBURG, PA.	PARMA, MICH.
Clara Spridgeon	Hannah Walton	Wm Palmer
Sarah McCoy	J F Waltman	Ora Ladue
Ella McClain	Ettie Allen	Robt Secord
Flora McCoy	A J Waltman	Addie Horton
E F Crotre	Fannie Waltman	Helen Secord
A Crone	Sadie Robinson	Lydia Worden
E Stanton	MAngie Sterigere	Henry Snyder
J A Walters	Minnie Robinson	Adelbert Palmer
C G McCoy	C W Waltman	Frank Snyder
John T Palmer	Nellie Sterigere	Hattie Fall
C H Palmer	B S Waltman	Minnie Miller
John Slatery	Mertie Miller	Abbie Barsdale
David Slatery	J Victor Allen	Fannie Barsdale
Harvey Wistner	Ida Jackson	Emery Johnson
J E Spridgeon	Lena Hettlek	Rob Johnson
G F Wistner	Boyd Miller	Ida Johnson
John Tager	Lena Miller	Homer Johnson
Martin Shumaker	CANISTEO, N. Y.	Ida Mackey
Cora Walters	Grace Smith	Sylvia Soper
WYANET, ILL.	Lura Smith	Weller Johns
Carrie Dutro	Blanche Smith	Frank Shuman
Edith Dutro	Mabel Smith	Maud Secord
Verna Wright	Harry Smith	Libbie Secord
Annie Mowry	Fred Smith	Jennie Secord
Eva C Pickney	Gladie Corbet	Claud Secord
Nettie Mowry	Mary Corbet	Minnie Mackey
Ella McPherson	Jesse Webster	Joe Mackey
Alanzo Pinkney	Cora Webster	Geo Mackey
Wm Jackson	INDEPENDENCE, KAN.	Phiney Wheeler
Thos Vaughan		Dora Mackey
PERLA, KENTUCKY, W. VA.	Minnie Romig	Clara Secord
Sarah E Clark	Julia Paige	Bingle Smith
Mellissa A Shank	Henry Truman	Edna Bradford
Victory Shank	Reno Goodwin	Jas Bradford
Nancy Clark	Clyde Truax	CORVALLIS, KAN.
Jas L Clark	Ella Truax	Elsie C Lyon
David W Clark	Evart Goodwin	Effie Lyon
Mary E Clark	Arthur Hancock	Wilber W Lyon
Oliver P Johnson	OAKLAND, IA.	W Hoyt Lyon
Della Johnson	Hoyt Cook	Alfred H Lyon
Zoah M Johnson	May Cook	Huber O Lyon
HAVENSBURG, ILL.	Wm White	Emma Hinshaw
Lily Sudduth	Alva H Gentmire	Carrie Hinshaw
Jas Sudduth	Etta Zentmire	Amelia Cain
Arm'th Sudduth	Ethel Mills	Ina Pfettenplace
Allen Sudduth	LANSING, MICH.	Frank Sasse
Millie Kennedy	Eva Ward	Rinold Sasse
	Winnie Dunker	

Names this week, 138. Total, 19,044.

The above embraces all names received up to March 17.

PANSIES.

MARIA FARST.

Sleepy little pansies
In an earthy bed,
With a dark-green nightcap
On each dainty head.
Dreamed the soft wind whispered,
"What a sunny day!"
Wakened from their slumbers
One bright morn in May.

See the cunning night caps,
Pushed back out of sight
By the smiling faces
Upturned to the light;
Pansies feel so grateful
To the gentle May,
For the balmy zephyrs
And the sunny day.

O'er their heads the north wind,
Naughty, naughty boy,
Saw the happy pansies
Smiling in their joy;
Told the gentle zephyrs
That he would, in play,
Freeze the fragrant pansies
On that very day.

So he pushed the rain-clouds
'Tween the flowers and sun,
Blew his breath upon them,
Chilled them, one by one;
Turned the tiny rain-drops
Into flakes of snow,
Sent them in a shower
To the earth below.

Happy little pansies,
With a sad surprise,
Felt the chilly snow flakes
Falling in their eyes;
Turned their faces downward
In their grief and woe,
Bowed, and bent, and burdened,
By the weight of snow.

Grieving little pansies
Thought their hearts would break
As they felt the pressure
Of each tiny flake;
Lower drooped, and lower,
Knowing, every one,
That they were forgotten
By their friend, the sun.

Far above the snow clouds
Dwelt the loving sun,
Heard the naughty north wind
Laughing at the fun;
Heard the pansies sobbing
Underneath the snow,
Knew that there was sorrow
On the earth below.

Soon he sent the northwind
To his frozen home,
Brushed aside the snow-clouds
Like the mists of foam;
Found the little pansies
In their snowy bed,
Sent his gentle sunbeams
To each drooping head.

Mourning little pansies
Felt the rays so warm,
Knew a touch so loving
Would do them no harm;
Raised their drooping petals
Quivering with bliss,
Turned their faces upward
For the sun to kiss.

What a precious lesson
You, my pansies, teach,
For the sun is never
Quite beyond their reach,
Though the rude winds chill you,
And the clouds hang low,
You are not forgotten
Underneath the snow.

Yes, my darling pansies,
God is over all,
Though the storms of sorrow
On our lives may fall;
He will brush the grief clouds
From our sky away,
Turn our saddened faces
To a brighter day.

Toledo, O.

TWO LITTLE SISTERS.

Margery and Dorothy Venable were the names of the two little sisters of my story. They had no nicknames; everybody called them Dorothy and Margery, which sounded rather long and old-fashioned for such little girls. Margery was the older, but they seemed about the same age; for while Margery was small and slender, with narrow little face, all pink and white like an azalea blossom, lit up by a pair of beautiful black-lashed gray eyes, Dorothy was large for her years, sturdy and solid, and had a round, laughing face, with blue eyes and a thick bang of curly brown hair. They were exactly the same height; and Dorothy, who was the boldest and most daring, always took the lead in their plans and plays.

Did any of you ever have fun of watching the building of a house in which you yourself were to live? Our little sisters had this pleasure, and they enjoyed every step in the new building. When the cellar was dug, they went every day to watch the laying of the foundation. They always took the kitten with them, and she was the first "person" to go down the new cellar steps. But the most charming thing of all to Margery and Dorothy was their own special room which, at their urgest request, was not to be called the nursery, "but the children's room. It made them feel quite grown-up to have a bed-chamber of their own which was not spoken of as a nursery. Their mother had taken great pains to make this room nice for little girls. Each had a closet and a bureau; there were wide south windows, near one of which stood the doll's house, and opposite the little white beds was a pretty, open fireplace with brass and irons, where a fire could be lighted whenever needed. All was in order, as fair and fresh as a lily, on the day when the little sisters took possession of it.

Aunty Belle had been helping put the last touches to the room before the little ones were allowed to see it. When they had exhausted their first raptures over the prettiness of everything, she sat down in the window, and took Margery on her lap.

"Now, chickens, I want to have a serious talk with you," she said. "You have the prettiest room of any little girls I know; now how are you going to treat it?"

"I don't know," replied Dorothy, turning a summersault over the foot-board of her bed, and coming down with a bang on the floor.

"How do you mean treat it, Aunty?" asked Margery.

"I mean, are you going to keep it neat and dainty, and the things carefully, so that they shall look nicely for a long time; or are you going to be so rough with it, so that in a little while it shall be shabby as the nursery was in the old house, with everything stained and scratched and nothing in order?"

"I would n't treat such a dear room as this roughly for anything in the world. I mean to keep my closet as nice as mamma does hers, and fix my bureau drawers every single day. You'll see, Aunty, how spicky it will be. Nicer than Margery's," said Dorothy, who was a little jealous of Margery's reputation for neatness.

"That sounds charmingly," observed Aunty with a smile. "I shall be very much interested to see how you keep your resolutions. Every day or two, I shall come over and peep into the two closets, and take a look at the bureau drawers. And each time I shall make some little marks in this little book." She showed the children a small memorandum book, where, on two opposite pages, stood the names of "Dorothy," and "Margery."

"One hundred is perfect," she explained. "When things are quite nice, I shall give you ninety or ninety-five; when they are only a little out of order, it will be fifty-five and sixty, but when they are all topsy turvy, the marks will be only fifteen or twenty—'dreadfully low.'"

"I shall always put my things in order, when I know you are coming," observed Dorothy.

"You will never know. I shall make my visits when you are at school, or out at play."

"I mean to have ninety-five each time," cried Dorothy, confidently. "Aunty, what will we get if we are always nice?"

"You will get a good habit," replied Aunty Belle. And then she added, more seriously: "Order is heaven's first law, Milton says. Nobody can have a thoroughly happy heart, or a clear conscience, who lives always in confusion."

For the first two or three weeks all went well. The novelty of the thing made heedless Dorothy remember; and more than once her mark was ninety-

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

A reader of the BLADE who lives in Dighton, Kans., writes that a man who has been writing articles for the Farm Department of the BLADE and signed them as original, has copied from seed catalogues, word for word. A leaf from a seed catalogue issued by D. M. Ferry & Co., is enclosed in the letter, which shows that the article on onion culture that appeared over the signature of the man in the Farm Department of the BLADE is precisely the same as the one in Ferry's catalogue. The editor of the BLADE Farm desires to have farmers as well as others contribute articles, no matter if they are not grammatically put together, if they only contain thoughts of value to the readers of the Farm Department.

We shall be pleased also to receive clippings that will prove of interest or benefit to farmers, but we emphatically say that we discountenance an act of plagiarism. That Mr. Leizure has copied the article named from a seed catalogue, there seems no doubt. It is impossible for the editor of the BLADE FARM or any one else to read everything that appears in print, and we can only say that it is a matter of regret that due credit was not given to the publication in which it first appeared. Even if the man wrote the article that appeared in the seed catalogue, he committed a flagrant breach of morality by sending it to the BLADE FARM as original.—ED.

PEANUTS—THE QUINCE—STRAWBERRY PROTECTION.—Will some one be kind enough to tell me how to raise peanuts? Is it necessary to have sand in the soil? Will some one also please describe the culture of quince trees, and the process of propagating by cuttings? When must the straw which has protected the strawberries through the winter, be removed?—M. C., Sparta, Ill. [The *Rural New Yorker*, of recent date, gives this way of raising peanuts: One way (there may be a better) is to apply all the manure one can afford—one can hardly use too much—on, preferably, a sandy soil. Plow early in spring—about the last of April or first of May. Bed up three feet apart, strike off the ridges with a cotton coverer, open drills with cotton opener, or a very small plow. Plant two feet apart in the row, two nuts to the hill, and cover with the foot, as we cover corn. Lime in the soil is a necessity if you would have well filled nuts; without it a good growth of vines and shells may be secured, but little else; 40 or 50 bushels of shell lime per acre broadcast, or a much less quantity of stone lime scattered along the rows after planting, will secure a filling of the shells. The shells should be cracked or entirely removed before planting. The soil must be kept clean and loose by frequent cultivation, as the fruit is produced on the ends of stems or shoots formed into the soil by the plant. The variety grown here for nuts is the White Spanish; where forage is more important, the Small Purple grows more vine. The vines make a fair quality of hay, and if desirable to make the best of that, they should be harvested before they are frost-bitten, in any case immediately after the first frost. Harvesting is done by running a plow along each side of the row, then lifting each hill with a spading fork, or they may be thrown out by using a plow, minus the moldboard. Put up in stacks (around small poles) six or six feet high and three feet in diameter, or rails or anything to keep them from the ground and provide for a free circulation of air. Let them remain a month, more or less, until cured, when they may be taken to a barn to be picked. An expert hand will pick about three bushels per day, leaving the worthless ones on the vine. Where large quantities are grown the picking or rather thrashing is done by machinery. The quince produces the finest fruit when planted in a soft, moist soil, and rather shady, or at least a sheltered situation. It is generally propagated by layers, and also by cuttings, and approved sorts may be perpetuated by grafting. When planted in an orchard, the trees may be twelve feet each way apart. The time of planting, the mode of planting, and all other particulars of culture are the same as for the apple or pear tree. The chief pruning they require is to keep them from suckers, and cut out decayed wood. The ground should be kept free from grass and weeds, and if the soil be poor, some fine manure, chip dirt, or any other kinds of rich manure, should be forked into the ground around the trees. If the soil be heavy, containing a large proportion of clay, let a bed of sand or gravel be spread around each tree, or mingled with the earth before the tree is transplanted. To start new trees from cuttings, select the sprouts from the previous year's growth, cut the sprout so that there will be three buds in each piece, set in the autumn or spring before the growth commences, and plant in soil thoroughly pulverized and enriched. If cut in the autumn or early winter, they should be kept in damp mould in the cellar until the frost is out of the ground in the spring. Three fourths of the shoot should be under ground, with but one bud above ground. They may be laid in a slanting position, which will bring them nearer to the heat and air. The soil should be pressed closely about the cutting. All stock should be taken up in the fall and protected, and the dressing done in the house during the winter. The work of dressing and selection having been done in the winter, the stocks will be ready for replanting as soon as the spring opens. Some farmers protect a row of the straw from your strawberry plants, by the first of April the plants will make their appearance toward growth. Then push the straw a little aside, so that plants may grow without interruption, and by May the plant will develope on the surface. The straw shades the plant from the hot sun. By the middle of June the straw may gradually be removed entirely.—ED.]

GRAPE VINES.—Will some one please tell me what is the trouble with my grape vines? They are full every year, and before they get their growth they begin to rot and fall off. We don't get any to use. I would be pleased to hear of a remedy, if there is one.

[There is much in the preparation and condition of the soil. Soil not adapted to grapes, or partially exhausted, will need various additions. If the soil be not surcharged with lime a liberal dressing will always be beneficial. When the soil is sandy or gravelly, it requires an abundant dressing of barnyard manure, muck, or leaf mould. Black rot is a dangerous enemy to grapes. The best remedy is prevention. Keep the soil dry and open by underdraining. Keep away dampness from beneath the vines.—ED.]

ALEXANDER TRENT, Dakota.—For scours in your calves, a raw egg broken in their milk is good.—ED.]

TAPE WORM—STAGGERS.—Please if possible, through the BLADE, tell me what will cure tape worm in sheep; also cause a cure of blind staggers in them.—GEO. P. HOWARD, Whitman Co., Wash. Ter.—[The treatment for tapeworm in sheep is to give linseed oil, 2 ozs.; spirits turpentine ½ oz. Give twice a week for two weeks. Should this fail, give three ounces of powered root of male fern, the dose to be repeated in one week. In six hours after this is given, give a purgative of linseed oil. Give only nourishing food. Mr. Stewart in his Shepherds Manual, says tape worms in any of their forms of life, affect only young sheep and lambs. When sheep attain the age of two years they are safe from them. Young sheep may come out all right after giving the above. If not, write, giving symptoms.—ED.]

BIG HEAD—COLTS EATING DIRT.—Will you please describe and give a remedy for a disease known as big-head among horses. Also what will correct a habit of colts of eating dirt and cow manure and other trash. They are one, two and three years old.—N. ZOLTZ, Byron, Ill. [Big jaw, or osteo sarcoma was fully described in the BLADE FARM a short time ago. Treatment is necessary as soon as the disease is discovered, as the longer it is allowed to run the more honeycombed does the bone become. The horse should be given daily an ounce of hyposulphite of soda, and if there are abscesses, inject them with carbolic acid and water—twenty parts of water to one of acid. Your colts are suffering from indigestion. Give this: Bicarbonate of soda and powdered gentian, of each, one-fourth ounce; powdered nux vomica, ten grains. Give this to the two and three year olds twice a day, every other day for a week, and to the one year old half as much as for the others. A little linseed meal in the food for a few days previous to giving the above would be good. Keep salt in a convenient place for them to nibble at.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

John Thomas, in reply to yours in the BLADE of the 17th inst., I would say: Your supply of eggs in the winter certainly does depend on what you feed your hens, how you feed them, and how you house them, your experience to the contrary, notwithstanding. I will tell you right at the beginning that poultry books have never been of much practical use to me. I think that I have lost as many eggs and chicks by following their advice as I have saved. What I say to you is taken entirely from my own experience. First, in regard to the house. Have a small house made very warm (you cannot get it too warm) for them to roost in. Outside of this (joined on the south side or end) build a low shed boarded up on the east and west and open on the south. (It is better if the length of the shed is east and west.) About four feet from the south side, build a wind and snow break, i. e., set posts in the ground and board up about 3½ feet. Make warm deep boxes for the hens to lay in, and nail them up in the shed against the end of the "sleeping apartment." When the chickens come down from the roosts in the morning give them a feed of oats and corn meal boiled together and feed to them while quite warm. To this feed, add every other morning, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper to each dozen chickens. Shut them out of the roost until about 4 p. m., then give them a feed of oats and shelled corn (half and half) uncooked, and let them in, but don't shut them up until nearly dark. Give them warm, fresh water every morning. Kee a pan or box of bones burned and pulverized in the shed where they can help themselves. Do all this and your hens will lay, except the Cochins, which I will not answer for, as they can not be depended on for eggs at any time.—M., box 56, Moulton, Ia.

Received.

The BLADE is indebted to Mr. William Sims, secretary of the Kansas state board of Agriculture, for the fifth biennial report of the Kansas state board of Agriculture to the legislature of the state, for the years 1885-86, containing the decennial census for 1885, illustrated; descriptive statements, statistics, maps, and general information relating to each county, and the geographical and topographical features of the state, together with tables, statements, summaries and diagrams, showing the products, progress, and development of the state; reports of the appointed officers of the board, etc., etc. The ability displayed in every department of the book is a credit to one of the most progressive states in the union. It gives facts and figures exhibiting the wonderful growth of Kansas and her almost unlimited resources, that should be gratifying to every citizen in the state. The amount of valuable information on agriculture, horticulture and other subjects in this large book shows that no pains has been spared to cover a wide field in a perfect manner. Suffice it to say that the work has been faithfully and intelligently accomplished, and that the report is unsurpassed by any that has ever been published in any state.—ED.]

Things Worth Booking.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The luxury, maple syrup, should be condensed to eleven pounds to the gallon.

If you are as particular with your stomach as with your plate service, allow your chickens plenty of pure food and pure water, and not compel them to get barn-yard water, concentrated into albumen.

March is the month for season engagements. Every employer and every thrifty field worker for wages will secure contracts with the best parties this month.

Hot-beds for early gardening should be made without delay; also pruning of grapes and shrubs.—STEYKER.

The Care of Teams.

The *National Stockman* publishes items of interest that farmers will be interested in just now, in the care of horses. They are as follows:

Keep the collars clean.

Feed and water the teams regularly.

Groom the horses thoroughly twice a day.

Give the teams a good rest after each meal.

See that the collars fit the shoulders properly.

Make a change in the bill of fare occasionally.

Keep the hair of the mane from under the collar.

Keep the shoulders clean and in as sound condition as possible.

Keep a bunch of rock salt within reach of each horse when in the stable.

Clean out the feet of the horses every evening after their day's work is done.

Feed the best hay and grain. If your own is not first-class, buy some that is.

Give the horses a chance to exercise in the barnyard or a paddock after their day's work is done.

Lighten up the harness as much as possible. It is cruel to burden horses with unnecessary trappings.

Pull the collars away from the shoulders while resting the horses in the field, so that the air can pass freely between them.

Keep the plows well sharpened. This will not only insure better work, but more of it, as it will save the strength of the teams.

Put horses of equal strength in the same team, or even up by giving the weak horse the advantage in the long end of the doubletree.

Bogus Butter in France.

The following stringent law has just gone into effect in France:

1. It is forbidden to expose for sale, to sell, to import or to export under the name of butter, margarine, oleomargarine, or any substance intended as a substitute for butter, as well as any mixture for margarine, fat oil, or other substances with butter, no matter how small the proportion of the mixture may be.

2. Any person intentionally infringing this regulation will be liable to a term of imprisonment ranging from six days to six months, and to a fine of from 50 to 3,000 francs. Any person selling such substances shall be held to have done so intentionally, unless he can give the name of the person from whom he obtained them.

3. The substances or mixtures fraudulently offered for sale, sold, imported or exported, which have remained in the possession of the delinquent shall be confiscated.

4. The tribunals will be empowered to order that the convictions obtained shall be published in full or in part in the local papers, and also be placarded in the market of the town where the fraud was committed, as well as upon the doors of the house and shop of the delinquent—the whole at his expense.

5. Should a second conviction be obtained within a twelvemonth, the maximum fine shall be inflicted.

6. All retail merchants of margarine, oleomargarine, or other substance or mixtures intended as substitutes for butter, shall inform the purchaser that the said substance or mixture is not butter, and shall deliver it to the purchaser in a vessel, basket, or other receptacle, having in large letters the words "Margarine," "oleomargarine," or "animal fat."

7. All wholesale manufacturers of or dealers in margarine, oleomargarine, and similar substances shall be bound to place them in barrels or firkins marked in the same way.

8. The said manufacturers and dealers shall also be bound to have these words printed upon their bill-heads, and send out one of these with each parcel, and all carriers and parcel-delivery companies by land or water shall copy this designation on their way-bills and ledgers.

9. All persons infringing any of the three previous clauses shall be liable to an imprisonment of from six days to one month, and to a fine of from 25 francs to 500 francs, or to one of these two penalties, at the discretion of the court.

10. Should a second conviction be obtained within a twelvemonth, the maximum penalty shall be inflicted.

MICHIGAN WHEAT

Reported Injured in the Southern Counties—Elsewhere Reports are Favorable.

LANSING, March 17.—The March crop report returns have been received from 1,043 correspondents, representing 778 townships; 680 reports are from 447 townships in the southern four tiers of counties and 194 are from 170 townships in the central counties. In answer to the question, "Has wheat during February suffered injury from any cause?"

Five hundred and twenty-three correspondents in the southern four tiers of counties answer "Yes," and 227 "No." In the central counties 42 answer "Yes" and 136 "No," and in the northern counties six answer "Yes" and 124 "No."

The injury in the southern counties is due to the ground having been bare, or nearly so, during the greater part of the month. Rain and light snows were frequent, and at times fields in many localities were well covered with sleet or thin ice. This could not fail to injure the crops.

The Flour Output.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 7.—The *Northwestern Miller* says that the mills made quite a gain on the flour output last week, the total product being 96,000 barrels, averaging 13,714 barrels daily, against 87,300 the week before and 81,000 for the corresponding time in 1886. The decline in wheat has had a depressing effect on the flour market, which is weak and inactive

The visible supply of grain at Chicago on March 19, as computed by the secretary of the Chicago board of trade, shows a decrease of 1,100,000 bushels wheat, an increase of 890,000 bushels corn, and a decrease of 269,000 bushels of oats.

DR. TALMAGE ON "ANNOYANCES."

Every One at the Mercy of the Pests of Society—Enemies Too Small to Shoot, but Whose Sting is Venomous.

BROOKLYN, March 13.—At the Tabernacle this morning, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., expounded appropriate passages of Scripture. The subject of his discourse was "Stinging Annoyances," and his text Deuteronomy vii. 20: "The Lord thy God will send the hornet." He said:

It seems as if the insect world were determined to war against the human race. It is every year attacking the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato destroyer, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when insects buzzed out of Noah's ark as the door was opened.

In my text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing from the out of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branches, and while we were looking at the wonderful pasteboard covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and twenty of them attacking one man will produce certain death. The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up and the besieged city rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and Cananaites from their country. What the gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hornet.

My friends, when we are assaulted by behemoths of trouble—great behemoths of trouble—we become chivalric, and we assault them; we get on the high-mettled steed of our courage, and make a cavalry charge at them, and, if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas! for these insectile annoyances of life—these foes too small to shoot—these things without any avoirdupois weight—the gnats and the midgets, and the flies and the wasps, and the hornets! In other words, it is the small sting annoyances of our life we have to deal with and use us up. Into the best conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose, God sends the hornet.

I remark in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a sensitive nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers, or broken bones get plenty of sympathy, but who pities a nervous man that is nervous? The doctors say and the family says and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all." The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from from the east, any one of the ten thousand annoyances opens the door for the hornet. The fact is, that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude annually die from nervous prostrators come in the same day each wanting his ten thousand dollars. In this latter case, you cough and look down at the floor and up at the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all-staggering demand upon your entire resources? I want to so brace and strengthen you will not surrender to small annoyances. In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population, and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sprightly tune, and all the vermin followed him, followed him to the banks of the Weser, and then he blew a blast and they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable, but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the Gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life, and play them down into the depths forever. How many speeches did the artist give to his picture of "Cotopaxi," or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about fifty thousand touches. I hear the canvas saying, "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says the artist, "I know how to make a painting; it will take fifty thousand of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is the picture, thousand annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, so be hung at last in the galleries of heaven; fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio, and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very decisive stroke. "Ah!" I say, "why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no; God says it is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes or little vexatious, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small charge, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletion. It is the little troubles of life that are having the effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." Do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting, and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catharine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisoned perfume. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a cup of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our national government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins, and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that come through your soul. This might not amount to much in single items, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewed with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the fight because there was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish; wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am, and what battling I will do?" The general would say to such a man: "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian man, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale.

If I had my way with you I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden, a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides, and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the bed should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses, and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live 150 years, and you should not have a pain or ache until the last breath. "Not each one of us?" you say. Yes, each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes, the only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls, and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibuie of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven.

Polycarp was condemned to be burnt to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard; the flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense, and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessing and the promise as he did to Polycarp. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand; you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

News of the Week.

FATAL HOTEL FIRE IN BUFFALO.

The Sleeping Guests Awakened to Find Themselves Hemmed in by the Flames—Heavy Loss of Life—Terrible Sufferings of Those Who Escaped.

BUFFALO, March 18.—Another calamity has visited Buffalo. The splendid new Richmond hotel, at the corner of Main and Eagle streets, was totally destroyed by fire early this morning, together with St James hall and other adjacent property. The most distressful part of the disaster is the loss of several human lives. At this writing (10 a. m.) it is impossible to say just how many persons are killed and injured, but the number is large.

The shrieks and cries of the poor people in the upper stories of the burning structure were heartrending. One man, mad with terror, leaped from a third story window and was picked up from the stone sidewalk on Main street a mangled and bleeding corpse.

Several who succeeded in making their escape were badly injured and burned and some of these will probably die. Others, more fortunate, escaped with slight injuries. Many of the wounded were taken to Carney's saloon and afterwards to hospitals.

Among these was F. H. Bryant, a New York traveling man, burned about the feet and hands; Hon. M. W. Barse, of Olean, terribly burned about the hands and wrists; Robert Stafford, senior proprietor of the hotel, with his wife occupied rooms on the second floor and had a narrow escape. Terror overcame everybody and even those who escaped in safety were in many cases prostrated by their awful experience.

There were 125 persons in the hotel, 70 of whom were transient guests, eight boarders and the remainder porters, bellboys, the families of the proprietors and clerks. Twenty-two of these were rescued from the windows by the firemen, 22 are at the hospitals, and a large number made their escape by other means. The origin of the fire has not been known.

The spread of the flames is said to have been frightful in its rapidity. The elevator shaft served as a flue for the flames and they rushed up to the top floor in a very few moments. As the guests were roused and saw the interior exits cut off they turned to the windows.

They could be seen in their night clothes standing out clear and vivid before the lurid background of the flames.

Their screams were horrible to hear, and they could be heard for blocks. The flames spread to the southeast side of the hotel first. The firemen did noble work and confined the fire to the narrow limits of the three buildings named.

The work of rescue had many exciting incidents. The aerial ladders were, as usual, in the way of the ladder brigade, and much valuable time was lost in getting the ladders past them.

Five girls who roomed on the fifth floor made a rope out of the bed-clothes and hung it out of the window, but none of them seemed to have the courage to start. At last one of the girls took hold and swung down to a window ledge, from which she was rescued. Three others came down in the same manner, and then the fifth girl started down. She had gone but a little distance when the rope parted and down she went, four stories.

Strange to say, she was not killed. Her legs were terribly cut and bruised, her head badly injured, and face and arms were in a frightful condition from burns. She lay moaning upon a lounge at the Spencer house, begging to be sent home. Her name is said to be Mary Connell.

A DASH THROUGH THE FLAMES.

R. H. Humes occupied a room on the third floor. He was awakened by the electric bells, and after arousing several people on the same floor, jumped through a window to the kitchen roof. There everything was in flames. After bidding good bye to several others on the same roof he made a rush for the Eagle street side door, going through the kitchen skylight and out through the flames and escaped. He left five persons on the kitchen roof and thinks they must all have perished, as they did not attempt to follow him through the flames.

The burned buildings was erected in 1856 for hotel purposes, and was called the St. James hotel. The hotel was not a success financially, and after a struggling existance, it passed in 1864 into the hands of the the Young Men's Christian association, after the association had fitted up the rooms in the old building in October last. The firm of Stafford & Co., composed of Robert Stafford, H. P. Whitaker and W. J. Mann, took a lease of the property for hotel purposes for a term of years.

Mr. Whitaker reports that a large amount of diamonds were in the hotel last night. D. F. Robinson, of Lawrence & Co., had a stock valued at $50,000 deposited in the safe.

Mr. Adler had in his room $30,000 worth, and a Mr. Smith had another considerable stock but the amount was not known.

The hotel building and St. James Hall were insured for $90,000, which covers losses to the Library association. Stafford & Co.'s loss is $75,000 and their insurance $34,500.

Fuller & Townsend, proprietors of the Boston clothing store, estimate their loss at $50,000; covered by insurance. Peter Paul & Bro.'s losses, $30,000; insured. The loss of Ulbrech & Kingsley is $35,000, and is covered by insurance. The minor losses are estimated at $10,000.

A HERO'S DEED.

Henry B. Rumsey was on the top story. He ran down one flight of stairs and started for a rear window. Seing a little girl in the hallway he returned for her and jumped with her in his arms on to Bunnell's museum. The skin and the beard on his face were burned off, and he was severely burned about the body. He will probably die.

THE FIREMEN'S HEROISM.

Among the brave deeds of firemen, was one of District Engineer, Ed. Murphy, who was on a ladder rescuing some of the occupants. At an upper story window was one of the female domestics. He shouted to her to remain where she was and he would come up and save her.

The poor creature, frantic with terror, instead of obeying leaped out and literally threw herself at Murphy. This caused him to lose his balance on the ladder, but he hung on with one hand and caught the girl around the neck, holding her thus firmly until he could regain his equilibrium, when he slid down the ladder, bearing her safely to the ground.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 19.—Henry B. Rumsey, of New York, who was one of the heroes at the Richmond on the night of the fire and who was terribly burned about the body, died at the Fitch Hospital at 1:45 this morning.

This makes six known deaths thus far.

BUFFLO, March 21.—No more bodies found in the ruins to noon, when the searching was withdrawn, owing to the shaky condition of the walls, which are to be pulled down at once. The hotel safe was exhumed to-day and its contents, including $30,000 or $40,000 worth of diamonds were found in good shape.

At the Fitch accident hospital, J. Kahn, of New York, was much improved, but the physician considers him to be still a very sick man. He broke his back and a leg, but there is a chance for his recovery with the excellent care he is receiving.

A. K. Moore, of Cleveland, whose hands were badly burned and who was otherwise injured, will leave this afternoon or tonight for home, possibly in charge of a trained nurse.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN ENGLAND.

Large Numbers of Englishmen Wearing the Shamrock—Riots Feared.

LONDON, March 17.—A feature of the observance of St. Patrick's day in England was the appearance of many Englishmen wearing Shamrocks. A sleet and snow storm stopped all out-door demonstrations in honor of the day in Dublin, and the trooping of the colors, usually one of the events of the celebration of St. Patrick's day there, did not take place.

It is feared that riots will ensue from the celebration of the day at Lurgan, County Armagh, and 200 extra policemen have been added to the regular force.

GREAT INDIGNATION

Felt Throughout the South at the Immunity from Punishment Enjoyed by the Murderous Thugs of Edgefield County—No Place for Honest Men—The Country Ruined by Lawlessness.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 17.—The recent trial of Jones for the murder of the three unoffending Pressleys, the recent acquital of Timmerman for killing unoffending negroes, and the postponement of the cases against the lynchers of Culbreath, have resulted in a feeling of insecurity throughout this part of the state. Where human life is held of no value, and the law cannot be administered, there can be no real prosperity. Mr. John A. Moroso, of the *News and Courier* staff, one of the best known of Southern newspaper men, to-day said:

"Edgefield has been under Democratic rule for ten years, but Edgefield has managed, in spite of good government, to keep up its reputation. I am told that something over a century ago, a newspaper published somewhere in the state used to keep standing as one of its head-lines for news items, "Another murder in Edgefield."

"It does seem that the newspapers of today could save composition by following the example of the old *Gazette*. The Edgefield of to-day, as far as material prosperity is concerned, is far behind even the Edgefield of sixty years ago. Fire and blood have done their work."

"Does not all this lawlessness retard the growth of the county?"

"Look at the village itself. Situated on a site which is fair to look upon, intended by nature as the spot for a thriving, progressive, up-to-best prosperous county seat, surrounded by the richest and most fertile lands in the state, peopled by women as pure and as fair, and as bright as those of any other portion of the land, and by men as brave, and as intelligent, and as daring as can be found elsewhere, possessing every advantage of soil, climate and situation that a county seat could desire, the village of Edgefield to-day is as far behind the age as it was fifteen years ago.

"No railroad leads to its doors, no factories hum there; the busy haunts of trade are not there; the telegraph is at a distance, and ruin and desolation seem to brood over the land. The waste places are still marked by ruined chimneys and heaps of ashes; no new buildings are to be seen going up on the track of the fires that have ravaged the place. Everything looks dull, shiftless and despirited."

The disgust at the result of the cases against the lynchers is intense. A prominent merchant to-day said that he would not take $10,000 for his home in Edgefield if they would give him a fine house and a thousand-acre farm. Life, he said, was worth more than property. The press of the state is unanimous in commending Attorney-General Earle for his vigorous attempts to bring the lynchers to justice.

The Winnsboro *News and Herald* in commenting on the lynchers says:

"They have forfeited all claims to respectability, and as they murdered without mercy, they are entitled to no clemency. The blood of the murdered Culbreath still cries in vain from the barren sands of Edgefield, and the philanthropists for mercy stilling in the ears of woe, and that has some attachment left for the principle of justice. In the name of thousands of citizens of this state who still have some faith in the integrity of the judiciary and the supremacy of the law, we demand the trial of these men and the conviction of such of them as are guilty and their prompt and speedy execution."

The *News and Courier* satirically says:

"The strong arm of the law is making itself felt in Edgefield county. On Monday last eight men were sent to the penitentiary from that county for terms ranging from one to five years for crimes of the most heinous character. Two men who stole sheep and cows were sentenced to one and two years respectively, while upon four deep-dyed villains who had broken into a gin-house and stolen a quantity of seed cotton, the trip-hammer of justice fell with crushing force, each of the four miserable wretches being condemned to three years of penal servitude. Another miscreant who was convicted of stealing was sentenced to two years at hard labor in the state prison, while in the case of still another criminal the vengeance of the law was satisfied by the imposition of a sentence of five years in the penitentiary.

"All this goes to show that it is not safe to steal live stock, commit grand larceny or break open gin-houses in Edgefield county, unless you are convicted were colored; but it is clear that there was no discrimination in their favor on account of color. The law does not take cognizance of the complexion of a criminal, and must be satisfied, let the consequences fall where they may.

"The lynchers themselves claim to believe that they are greatly outraged by being dragged from their homes so often and at so great expense to stand trial. They speak bitterly and even threateningly of the officers of the law who are trying to wipe out the disgrace that now hangs over Edgefield county."

PEACEFUL, GENTLE WOMEN

Have a Little Society Trouble, and Settle it in the Usual Masculine Manner.

NEW YORK, March 16.—About 40 members of the Ladies' German Schuetzenbund Benefit society, of Newark, engaged in a scrimmage Monday night, that was little short of a riot. The members are divided into two factions. One of them is led by Mrs. Meta Hilson, the president, and the other by Mrs. Amalie Smith. The point of division was as to allowing men to become members of the society.

Mrs. Hilson, believing that none of the ladies were fitted for corresponding secretary, had her faction elect her husband to the position. He performed the duties for a year, and when, at the expiration of his term, the usual complimentary resolutions were offered, and some one stepped forward to give him a gold-headed cane in acknowledgement of his services, Mrs. Smith became excited, and warmly denounced him.

She said he had embezzled the society's money and was a thief. The meeting adjourned in confusion, and the next day Mrs. Smith had Hilson arrested for the alleged embezzlement. Justice Roder, who examined the books at Hilson's request, honorably acquitted him.

Monday was the time for the holding of the next regular meeting after these developments. Before the appointed hour, Mrs. Smith gathered her forces and went through an election of officers. When the Hilson party entered the hall they found the officers' chairs occupied.

A warm struggle ensued for the possession of the gavel, and then the two factions engaged in a hand-to-head hair-pulling match. For a season the air was full of shrieks, lamentations and yells. Mrs. Hall provided herself with a cat-o'-nine-tails, and laid it around in the liveliest conceivable fashion, while the gavel was used with good effect by some one else. A number of men attending a meeting in another room attempted to quell the disturbance but were powerless to do it, and the police had to be summoned. Yesterday warrants were issued for some of the combatants on the complaint of those whom they vanquished.

THAT HORRIBLE CASE OF VOODOISM

Arrest of the Negro Doctor who is Supposed to Have Poisoned the Entire Family of John Harris—Intense Excitement.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., March 16.—Fuller details of the poisoning of the family of John Harris are now in. In the little two-room cottage on Mrs. Morris's plantation, in one room lies John Harris, his wife and one child, while in the two beds in the other room are three children in each. On a table in the corner is a child waiting to be laid in the coffin and to be buried at the side of its sister who died Sunday night. One child died yesterday and four others were in a dying condition last night.

The dead at present are Fannie, Peter and Mattie Harris. Those whose death is anticipated at any moment are John, the wife Henrietta, Mary, Joseph and Wise. Those who may possibly recover are John, Ida, Lula and Pletcher.

A visit to the scene reveals the fact that Jim Bonner, the voodo doctor, is king among the negroes of that section. His name alone brings fear to the faces of this ignorant and superstitious people. Nothing can be learned from them concerning him. They are afraid that he will bring the same affliction upon them if they talk about his power.

Suspicion rested upon him from the beginning, and the intelligence obtained from Eli Young, a negro from the same plantation, makes the evidence against Bonner very strong. Bonner claims to have the power to cure a victim of poison, and Young told him that John Harris did not believe he could conjure or cure poisoned people. Bonner then said: "All right. He may not believe in my power, but I will show him."

Another spark of evidence is that Bonner's wife is a sister of Henrietta Harris, and has not visited the family until last evening. On being asked why she had not paid more attention to her sister, she said: "I thought they all had scarlet fever and was scared to go about them." This, of course, is not true, for every body knew what was the matter with the family on Sunday. The sheriff arrived at the scene to arrest Jim Bonner and probably others.

A regular panic prevails among the superstitious negroes of that section. All around the house and yard they are seen in little groups discussing the power of voodooism, and taking care that what they say will not be transmitted to Jim Bonner.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Maine has abolished the death penalty.

The Parnellites are obstructing Parliament.

Kaiser Wilhelm is celebrating his 90th birthday.

Germany, Austria and Italy have formed an alliance.

The Ohio legislature adjourned Monday morning.

Michigan wheat crop badly injured in southern counties.

Price of coal at lake ports for shipment has been reduced.

The great military drill at Washington is an assured success.

Heavy frost has greatly injured garden crops at Charleston, S. C.

Polish troubles have been renewed in Detroit and many people injured.

Winter wheat is reported in good condition in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

By the reapportionment of Philadelphia Mr. Randall has been shut out.

The district telegraph boys of Boston have struck for an increase of pay.

Sen. Sherman has arrived at Jacksonville, and will speak at Nashville on the 21st.

Philadelphia Republicans will provide a Democratic district for Mr. Randall.

Canada denies that it desires a commission for the settlement of the fisheries troubles.

A guard was set to-day over the vault in which Mr. Beecher's remains are deposited.

The Bald-Knobbers of Missouri, rivaling the famous Ku Klux Klan, are to be broken up.

St. Stephen's church, New York, was burglarized to the extent of several thousand dollars.

The Treasury is shipping small notes to the West, where there is a large demand for them.

The principal portion of Chautauqua was destroyed by fire at an early hour Monday morning.

Canada suggests that the fisheries troubles with the United States be settled by arbitration.

Lyman Weeks, a prominent citizen of Brooklyn, was killed by a burglar who made his escape.

The Pennsylvania railway will cease issuing passes after April 1, except to officers of the road.

The leaders of the ring that has been plundering the taxpayers of Chicago have been arrested.

The legislature of Illinois refused to submit a prohibition constitutional amendment to the people.

Hotel Richmond burned at Buffalo, with a loss of twelve lives and a great many fatally injured.

R. G. Dun's weekly review says the interstate commerce bill is unfavorably affecting business.

John W. Mackay is now said to be interested to the extent of $4,000,000 in the Baltimore & Ohio deal.

Georgia and South Carolina are in a wrangle over the kidnapping of a criminal from the Palmetto state.

The President has selected the Inter-state commissioners and will make their names public to-night.

Prominent Democratic citizens of Washington county, Texas, have been indicted for intimidating voters.

Telegraph wires are all down east of Buffalo, cutting off direct communication between New York and Chicago.

Mr. Yung Wing, a Chinaman, has been elected president of the Connecticut Congregational club, Hartford.

Sen. Vest scores the Republican party for not admitting Dakota and for the present deplorable state of the navy.

Anti-Prohibitionists tried unsuccessfully to burn a church at Holly, Mich., while a temperance meeting was in progress.

The New York *Herald* calls upon Cleveland to remove Attorney Gen. Garland for his truckling to the railway land grabbers.

It has been decided that Hudson's bay can not be used to advantage as an European outlet for Northwestern products.

A bill was filed yesterday in the Chicago Circuit court asking that a receiver be appointed for the Hotel Richelieu.

A New York broker named Lawton has turned up missing, with hundreds of thousands of dollars of other people's money.

The French method for the cure of consumption has been tried in a Philadelphia hospital with surprisingly successful results.

The contract has been signed for a quarter of a million dollars worth of new machinery for the new Southern Cotton-seed Oil company.

Judge David W. Small disbarred from practicing in the Monmouth county courts for 12 months, Charged with neglecting the interests of a client.

It has been decided, in a conference between crude oil producers and the handlers, to materially reduce the charges of the latter, both for storage and transportation.

Chas. C. Freeman, who so cruelly murdered his daughter two years ago, while laboring under intense religious excitement, has been released from the insane asylum.

Illinois legislators are very much exercised over the calling in of their passes by the Ohio & Mississippi railroad, and have introduced a bill reducing the fare from 3 to 2 cents per mile.

Sen. Jones, of Florida, talked on The New South at a St. Patrick's day banquet in Detroit, and said there was no part of the South where Northern men would not be warmly welcomed.

IS THIS REFORM

So Faithfully Promised by the Democrats Before the Election?—A Strong Call Upon Pres. Cleveland to Call a Halt and Begin the Fulfillment of the Party's Promises.

NEW YORK, March 21.—The *Herald* this morning says: "It is difficult to read with patience the story our Washington correspondent sends us of the case of 'the Northern Pacific railroad vs. Gustave Miller' in which Attorney General Garland on Saturday gave an opinion in favor of the corporation and against the poor settler.

"Miller took up a piece of land under the Homestead law, in 1884, outside of the limit s of the Northern Pacific land grant, and 50 miles from the line of the road. He had probably picked out a good piece, and the Northern Pacific corporation fixed its eyes on Miller's homestead and 'reached out for it.' Attorney General Garland and Assistant Attorney General Jenks being appealed to, say that the corporation shall have the land and Miller must go.

"So no doubt Mr. Cleveland's sincere and earnest desire to reform abuses in every department of the government. It is because we believe him to be honest and earnest that we call his attention to this case.

"We say to him frankly, and with the most entire confidence in his own desire to do right, that he cannot afford to keep in the attorney general's office men like Mr. Garland and Mr. Jenks, capable of fostering old and villainous abuses and of protecting thieving and unscrupulous corporations against the people when the people seek justice. It will not do. There is no reform in this. Mr Cleveland will see the wrong if he will look into it, and he will see, if he takes the trouble, that this is not at all an isolated case of the perpetuation of gross and inexcusable wrongs and abuses under his administration.

"The Democratic party came into power solemnly pledged in its platform to the 'strict enforcement of individual rights against corporate abuses.' Yet here is an attorney general, in defiance of right and law, upholding a corporation against a poor farmer.

* * * * * * *

"And here is a Democratic attorney general, in the face of law and justice, trying to give to a big corporation even more than it has already grabbed.

"It will not do. There is no hope of land reform with the law department of the government turned into a department of injustice, ready to carry its weight into the scales against the people and for corporations; ready by quibbles and technicalities to oust the settler and favor the land grabber; ready to bar and not facilitate the way to justice for the people.

"Clear out that nest, Mr. Cleveland, and put honest and efficient Democrats in there, who will vigilantly guard the people's rights. Land reform is needed more than all other reforms in this country, and the men you have in your department of justice bar the way. It was Garland and Jenks who persuaded you to revoke the just and necessary order of Sec. Lamar and Commissioner Sparks, suspending land entries in certain districts.

"That was a great mistake. It was a mistake, because it gave land thieves, corporate and individual two more years in which to steal the public domain. It was a great mistake, because by this revocation Garland and Jenks led you to refuse to the people that rule which had always been and still is granted to corruption.

"You can not afford to keep about you such advisers, Mr. Cleveland. They will lead you to ruin. They will disgrace and ruin your party, for they falsify its most solemn pledges.

"Clear out that vile nest which has become a department of injustice and put honest men in there who are not the slaves of corporations and who will keep the platforms promise to 'strictly enforce individual rights against corporate abuses.'"

WOMEN TO THE FRONT.

They are Registering in Leavenworth and Organizing for the Spring Election.

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., March 16.—During the last two days over 1,000 of the leading women of this city have registered, and will vote under the recent law granting unrestricted suffrage to women. Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, of Indiana, is here, doing effective work. She is paying special attention, yesterday and to-day, to organizing the colored women, and has aroused great enthusiasm. Meetings of the Law and Order party are being held every afternoon and evening. The Whisky Alliance is also fully organized, and at work. The spring election will therefore be hotly contested.

AN OLD HERO

To Go to State's Prison for Attempting to Shoot Surveyor Beatty of New York—His Eventful Career.

NEW YORK, March 17.—One of the most distinguished soldiers of the war, Capt. Louis Bieral, now 75 years old, was waiting in Ludlow street jail Saturday to be sent to Auburn prison. He wore on his breast the medal which Gen. Hancock pinned there in 1861. It had the three clover leaves of the Second Army Corps, and was inscribed:

"Captain Louis Bieral, First California Regiment, for saving the body of Gen. Baker."

Beneath the medal hung the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. For a man who has passed more than three score and ten years of active life Capt. Bieral is well preserved. He is of medium height, gray and grizzled, and is frank and straightforward in manner. Tears filled his eyes yesterday as he spoke of his family, who he said would be left destitute when he went to Auburn. His wife is nearly 50 years old and they have a boy 11 years old. The old soldier was very solicitous for their welfare, and indeed it was while his mind was a prey to the harrowing fear that they would be brought to poverty and suffering on his being discharged from the custom-house in his old age, that under temporary mental aberration he shot Surveyor Beatty. Unfortunately the United States courts do not take cognizance of the plea of mental aberration, and if Capt. Bieral had been tried in any ordinary criminal court it is believed that he would have been acquitted. The aged veteran was in the United States service as long ago as 1839, when, under the famous old commodore Perry, who had such a knack of taking British ships in the war of 1812, he fought the Malay pirates on the coast of Sumatra.

Capt. Bieral was one of fifty men out of 525 who volunteered to go on shore and attack the pirates in their homes. The party drove the pirates out of their villages, and chased them into the woods. After cruising three years and a half all over the world, Capt. Bieral returned to New York and went into business. He was regarded as a man of so much integrity and of such excellent judgment that he was chosen referee in many of the great horse races in the old times, when Flora Temple and Patchen were on the turf.

When Fort Sumter was fired upon he was making $10,000 a year, but he threw aside his business, raited a company in New York, joined the California regiment and went to the front. The story of his bravery at Ball's Bluff is told in "Duyckinck's History of the War," but the old hero tell it as he told it yesterday morning while he was waiting to go to prison:

"I do not like to speak of myself," said Capt. Bieral, "but as you press me to give my recollections of the death of Col. Baker I will do so. Ball's Bluff was a disastrous defeat to us, as we were outnumbered by the Confederates. Col. Baker was standing about ten feet ahead of me. The Confederates swarmed all around. A Confederate soldier tried to capture Baker. Baker drew his sword. The Confederate shot him dead. I shot the Confederate dead. Our soldiers were driven back, so I took Baker's body in my arms and threw two lines. I ran out of the ranks and picked up Baker's body. The firing was heavy, and just as I leaned over Baker I was shot through the top of the head. You see the two scars now. I lifted him up and carried him back to the Union lines with the blood streaming from my wound and in a storm of bullets. I got Baker's body to the landing, and sent it over the river in the last boat that went across. Then I went back and fought a while longer. Out of 100 men in my company there were only 30 left. When the day was lost I and five of the company swam across the river. I tried to carry my sword with me and save it, but was overpowered, so told that I had to let it go. Sen. McDougall of California afterward presented me with a very beautiful sword.

"A few days after the battle Lincoln sent for me to come and see him. I found Lincoln and Col. Ellsworth's father talking together. Lincoln and Baker were old friends, and when I told the President about Baker's death, he cried like a child. He complimented me, and said that I should be made a captain in the regular army. I went North in charge of Baker's remains, and after they had lain in state in the City Hall here I sent them to California."

Capt. Bieral again expressed regret that there would be no one left to provide for his family. They live at 879 Seventh avenue.

It is understood that there will be a movement among the Grand Army posts and citizens and soldiers everywhere to have Capt. Bieral pardoned. It is believed that Secretary Beatty and Judge Benedict will sign the petition.

SEN. JONES OF FLORIDA

Talks About the New South at a St. Patrick Banquet in Detroit—Some of His Views.

DETROIT, March 18.—At the celebration of St. Patrick's day in this city last night, Sen. C. W. Jones, of Florida, was one of the chief speakers. After speaking of the marvellous progress made in this country since its first settlement, he took up the subject of labor, opposing any government interference between labor and capital. He then said:

"When we speak of the new South it can't be meant that any material change has taken place in character or qualities of the people, nor do I think it desirable that there should be any change, for I am sure from what I know of them, if one did take place, it would be for the worse.

"They are generous, brave, open-hearted people, utterly devoid of the close, calculating, selfish power that you will find in some parts of the country. They are strongly developed, and as free from bigotry and intolerance as any people under the sun, which was greatly misunderstood at the north before the late civil war, and they are misunderstood yet.

"I have lived among them since I was 14 years of age, and I have had an experience that few natives have ever had to test their true character. I don't think there is any part of the country where I could have got to the front and succeeded so well there as at the South, and I am quite sure that if my lot had been cast in any other part of this great country than the one I live in, Jones, of Florida, would never have given so much trouble to the newspapers as he has in recent days.

"The causes which have taken place at the South were such as might have been expected to follow the result of a great war—Freedom is now national, not sectional, the amendments to the constitution have been sincerely accepted by the people. Emancipated slaves are conceded every political right enjoyed by white men and are doing as well as any laboring class in the world. The right of secession with the institution of slavery is abandoned forever, and since the people have been left to regulate their own affairs, peace, contentment and prosperity have followed as a matter of course.

"There is no part of the South with which I am acquainted where Northern men will not be welcomed and conceded as much freedom of opinion as they can have elsewhere."

Sen. Jones leaves here in a few days to enter the race for senator from Florida. The election takes place early in April.

RHODE ISLAND REPUBLICANS

Condemn the Administration for its Partisan Appointments.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 17.—The platform of the Republican state convention approves civil service reform and condemns the violation of this principle by the present national administration as displayed in the appointment of active partisans to the most important federal offices in this state and in the striking neglect of duty in refusing for partisan reasons to fill a vacancy in the office of United States marshal for this district.

It also endorses the action of the state Senate in passing a resolution submitting to the electors a proposed amendment to the state constitution abolishing the real estate qualification as a prerequisite for voting.

Revival in the Cattle Business.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 17.—Advices from the stock-growing centers of the southwest are to the effect that a decided revival in the cattle business has commenced. In various parts of Texas preparations for the spring drive have been completed and in some instances herds have started up the trail. The ranges in the northwest are reported as needing young cattle, hence the bulk of the stock placed on the trail will be driven or shipped north. Stockmen estimate that from 50,000 to 100,000 head of stock are ready for the drive in different parts of the southwest. In Arkansas buyers are gathering cattle preparatory for shipment west and north.

ONE OF CLEVELAND'S APPOINTEES

Plays Draw Poker and Leaves the Town Suddenly While an Inspector is There.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 9.—A postoffice inspector yesterday discovered that the accounts of H. G. Douglas, postmaster at Plainfield, Ind., were short some $500 or $600.

While the inspector was at dinner Douglass took $150 from the money-order account, a lot of stamps, drew from the bank his private deposit of $100, and left town. He was appointed some months ago. His shortage is attributed to losses at poker.

CITY CHAMBERLAIN IVINS AGAIN.

He Has Another Word to Say on Political Assessments in New York—Food for Thought.

NEW YORK, March 17.—City Chamberlain William M. Ivins addressed the Democratic club of Harlem last evening on the subject of political assessments. The address was mainly explanatory of the figures Mr. Ivins gave in a recent speech on the cost of elections in this city. He said many things last night, however, which may be news to the average citizen, if not to the ward politician. Mr. Ivins began by saying that there was a great necessity for the reduction of expenses of elections and the prevention of the levying of enormous assessments on candidates for office. He held that for some years past the practice had been to auction off nominations to the highest bidder.

"Important offices of honor, profit and trust," he said, "are either put up at auction or raffled away." He argued that if such a state of affairs was allowed to continue it would end in the complete corruption of the city government.

Mr. Ivins reviewed the career and corruption of the Tweed ring and paid the late John Kelly a compliment for his efforts to reorganize and reform the local Democracy after the downfall of Tweed.

Mr. Ivins, however, said that Mr. Kelley originated the system of organization assessment. Mr. Kelley, according to Mr. Ivins, devised the plan whereby candidates were compelled to pay their share of election expenses into the treasury of Tammany Hall. A guarantee was given that the fund would be expended for the legitimate expenses of the campaign. When Irving Hall was organized in opposition to Tammany this system was followed.

"From 1876 to 1881," said Mr. Ivins, "the assessments of candidates and the raising of large election funds were increased year by year until the grew into enormous proportions."

According to Mr. Ivins, the election expenses in this city in 1886, official and unofficial, reached the sum of $700,000 He thought $1,000,000 would not cover the amount expended in the city for the expenses of the Presidential election of 1884. He said that fully twenty out of every hundred voters are under pay, official or unofficial, on election days.

COPPER PRODUCTION.

The Figures for 1886—Increase in the Lake Superior Output—Improvement of Grades.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—Mr. Charles Kirchhoff, agent of the United States Geological Survey, has prepared for the division of mining statistics of that bureau, the following statement concerning the copper production in 1886. The total product of the year was 156,373,421 pounds of domestic copper, produced as follows:

Lake Superior, 791,723,838; Arizona, 15,657,035; Montana, 57,611,621; New Mexico, 558,385; California, 430,210; Colorado, 409,366; Utah, 300,000; Nevada, 50,000; Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, 315,719; Southern States, 29,811; lead, desilverizing, etc., 1,282,490 pounds.

Total domestic copper, 156,373,421 pounds; from imported pyrites and ores, 4,500; total, including copper from imported pyrites, 160,875,621 pounds. Not less than 136,820,943 pounds were turned out by American refining works, including a small quantity of blister exported as such, and small amounts of fine refined copper going directly to consumers. Deducting from this the exports, 19,504,087 pounds, there remains over 117,000,000 pounds available for home consumption, of which about 64,000,000 pounds came from Lake Superior and the balance, 53,000,000 pounds, from other sources.

The important feature in the copper trade of the United States in 1886 have been the continued increase in the output of Lake Superior and the falling off of Arizona and Montana, the sharp decline in the quantities exported, and, above all, the notable increase in the quantity of copper which sought the more remunerative home market. It helped in this latter respect to overstock the home trade in the face of a declining output, is the important fact that the quality of miscellaneous grades has improved, and that consumers have learned to better utilize relatively lower grades of copper.

While the local supply has increased, the consumption in this country has, on the other hand, developed again in the most satisfactory manner.

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

The Discovery of a French Physician Successfully Tried in a Philadelphia Hospital—Surprising Results.

PHILADELPHIA, March 19.—At the meeting of the hospital committee of the board of Guardians of the Poor, yesterday, Dr. T. N. McLaughlin, physician-in-chief of the Philadelphia hospital, presented a report of the success of the treatment adopted about a month ago for patients in the institution suffering from consumption.

He said that so far the success of treatment was almost marvellous and in cases which had agreed to submit to the methods adopted, no other has been used. Dr. McLaughlin first obtained the idea from a paper read before the college of science at a recent meeting in Paris by one of the professors in the University of Lyons.

It was recommended so highly and had shown such surprising results in France that Dr. McLaughlin decided to test it in the hospital. He explained the treatment to the patients when 30 of them agreed to submit to the operation.

To these patients, who were considered to be suffering from the last stages of consumption, two rectal injections of carbonic acid gas, prepared by a process given by the French physician, were given each day, all other medicine being abandoned. The patients at once began to show signs of improvement.

Night sweats ceased as if by magic, the excretions of the body were regular and became natural, and the appetite returned. The sick grew brighter and stronger each day, and since the beginning of the treatment one of the number has gained twelve pounds in weight, while others have gained from three to five pounds in the same time.

How far the improvement will continue under the treatment cannot yet be judged, but the results have been so satisfactory that D. M. Laughlin has abandoned all other remedies in the treatment of patients who can be induced to submit to the operation, and he is so agreeably surprised at the results that he feels almost ready to say that a cure for consumption, which has always been considered fatal when once developed, has been found.

POSTOFFICE BLUNDERS.

Republican Work Versus Democratic Reform Work.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—The two annual reports of Postmaster-General Vilas make a showing of the demoralization of the Postoffice department under Democratic management which may well attract national attention. As is well known, the first season of Mr. Vilas's administration witnessed scarcely any removals in the railway mail service up to June 30, 1885. During the year ending last June such removals for political reasons have been constantly in progress. The result is shown beyond any possibility of denial by a comparison of two tables, approved by the postmaster-general himself, and present in his annual reports.

The tables are entitled "Statement of errors made by the railway postal clerks during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885," and a similar table for the year ending June 30, 1886.

	1885.	1886.
Incorrect slips returned	396,746	548,039
Errors on incorrect slips	887,704	1,260,443
Letter packages missent	8,316	42,696
Pouches missent	4,920	5,150
Sacks missent	1,722	2,189
Registr'd p'kages missent	783	960
Letter p'kages misdirect'd	1,660	2,182
Pouches misdirected	349	487
Sacks misdirected	550	763
Errors checked	1,742,450	2,120,137

The column for 1885 represents Republican work; the second column "reform" work.

WERE THEY THE YACHTS?

Two Schooners Sailing Close to the Wind Seen Nearly 300 Miles Away.

NEW YORK, March 18.—Captains and officers of all incoming ocean steamers whose course is within that of the yachts Dauntless and Coronet, which started Saturday on their great race across the Atlantic, are cross-questioned on their arrival here by many people who are interested in the race. Capt. Robinson, of the National Line steamer, Erin, some in brilliant night, happened to remark that his second officer, Hughes, had seen two vessels which he supposed were the yachts some time after 8 o'clock Sunday night.

"We were about 230 miles east of the Sandy Hook lightship," said the officer to a *World* reporter, "with a brilliant night and a good, strong east northeast wind. The only signals observed were flare signals, or, as we sailors call them, torches. I was not on the lookout for the racers and cannot say which light I saw first. The two schooners were heading east by south and were laying two points to the wind. This fact convinces me that they were racers of some kind, for an ordinary vessel will not go any nearer than eight points to the wind. The yachts were about a mile apart and going along under all the sail they could carry."

HEAVY BLOW TO CHAUTAUQUA.

The Principal Thoroughfares Swept by Fire—Great Loss of Property

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 21.- A special from Jamestown says that the fire at the Chautauqua assembly grounds early this morning, destroyed 80 buildings, including several large boarding houses, among them the Eckert and Parkhurst and Allen houses. The total loss will probably exceed $100,000. The fire started shortly before midnight in the Curtiss cottage, on Simpson avenue. It was caused by a defective flue. The buildings and cottages are of wood and are close together.

The fire spread rapidly to the adjoining cottages, and the lack of fire apparatus and the scarcity of help favored the flames. About 60 families remain on the grounds during the winter season. Citizens from Mayville and the surrounding towns arrived on the scene and greatly aided the residents.

The fire swept everything before it, taking both sides of Simpson and Summerfield avenues, from the auditorium to the hotel Athenæum. It was with great difficulty that the hotel was saved. The absence of a high wind alone saved from destruction the large and costly structure. The fire departments at Corry, Erie, and other cities were telegraphed for, but the Corry department alone responded. A special train was run from that city to Mayville. The heroic work of the winter residents and farmers from the surrounding country undoubtedly prevented the entire assembly with its costly buildings and 800 cottages from total destruction.

All the cottages and boarding houses in the burned district were furnished and equipped and very little furniture was saved. Many of the burned cottages on Simpson avenue were built last year. This was the most fashionable avenue of the grounds. The cottages cost from $2,000 to $15,000. The loss is divided as follows: Thirty-six buildings on Simpson ausnue; 24 buildings on Summerfield avenue; 6 cottages on Terrace avenue and 3 on Hedding auenue. The magnificent forest trees shading the streets were burned and destroyed.

Among the cottages destroyed were those belonging to the following persons: Dr. Ballard, of Bradford, the finest cottage on the grounds; Judge Whitmore, of Warren, Pa.; Mrs. Martin, of Mayville; Mrs. Ecker, of Jamestown; Mrs. Dickens, of Jamestown; Mrs. Lafayette, Ind.; Mrs. J. Cook, of Ohio; Rev. W. White, of Panama, N. Y.; Rev. J. E. Chavier, of Westfield, two cottages; H. H. Moore, of Chautauqua; Mrs. Burnell, of Jamestown, three cottages; Miss A. Cummings, of Chautauqua; Mr. Fassett, of Franklin, Pa.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE BILL

Is Partly Responsible for the Trade Dullness—R. G. Dun's Weekly Review of the Markets.

NEW YORK, March 19.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly trade review says that it is becoming more generally realized that the inter-state commerce bill is for the time affecting business unfavorably in some branches, as in the movement of dry goods to the West, the temporary flurry of greater activity results from the desire to transport before the coming change of rates, but in other trades the uncertainty as to the future rates produces almost a paralysis, which is rendered more serious in the iron business by the question of whether railway building and repairing may not be checked.

Many vaguely look for a better understanding of the act when the commissioners are announced but the commissioners will have to await the decisions of many courts before they can know what powers they have, though it can hardly be hoped that the uncertainty regarding the effects of the act will be soon removed.

Probably the great Baltimore & Ohio negotiation which causes hesitation in the stock market results from the passage of this act. Mr. Sully does not seem to have succeeded, but it is generally believed that some important consolidation of interests may be effected, which may have an important influence on the future value of securities.

Wheat declined about 3 cents, but is now recovering; corn has fallen about 1½ cents; oil has remained without any important change, and lard has declined nearly ½ cent. Cotton, on the contrary, has advanced to 10 cents, with large exports. It is now definitely settled that wool, instead of advancing with foreign prices have been forced down by the dullness of the goods.

Stocks on hand are ample, and there is no fear of a short clip, but growers still hold expectations of higher prices. No change is noted in woolen goods. The distribution of cottons is more active as the change in freight rates draws near, but prices are only firm, and print cloths decline a shade.

A better feeling is noted in boots and shoes, many producers being pressed to meet March deliveries, and the Massachusetts shops steadily increase their supply of money. The demand for money is active, but the supply is adequate at Chicago and St. Louis.

Business failures during the week number: For the United States, 187; for Canada, 33; total, 220; against 282 last week, and 225 in the corresponding week of last year.

WILD WESTERN FLOODS.

Enormous Damage Done at Bismarck—The River Six Miles Wide.

BISMARCK, Dak., March 19.—The Washburn gorge broke last night and early this morning the river began to rise rapidly. A gorge was formed below the city. The ice carried everything with it, and struck the immense warehouse of Northern Pacific, one of the largest in the world. The warehouse, which is nearly 700 feet in length, was carried half way across the river and sent crashing against the bluffs. The loss on the building will be over $15,000.

The meadow land south of the city, comprising 6,000 acres, is now one vast sea; ice is flowing over the newly made channel in this body of surplus water at the rate of six miles per hour.

The river at this point, which is usually three-quarters of a mile wide, is now over six miles wide. Northern Pacific trains will be unable to cross the river for several days, and Bismarck will be the western terminus for the week.

At 1 o'clock the new channel which the river has made has apparently let out the ice, and the river has since fallen slowly, but the worst has not come. The ice went out at Fort Buford this morning, with a rise of 30 feet, the highest ever known. This flood will not reach here until this afternoon, when there will probably be terrible destruction. Loss at the river landing and on meadow land here will reach $30,000 already.

SOUTHERN FROSTS.

Great Damage Done in the Vicinity of Charleston, S. C.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 22.—The temperature has been falling steadily for the last five days, and culminated yesterday morning in a freeze, which has perhaps wiped out over $100,000 of value on the truck farms in the vicinity of Charleston. The mercury yesterday at 6 o'clock indicated 35 degrees, and in exposed places reached the freezing point.

There can, therefore, be no further doubt of the fact that a staggering blow has been inflicted upon the growing fruit and vegetable crops, although it will be impossible to estimate the extent of the damage for a day or two yet. The freeze was general throughout the coast belt of the state, and what promised to be a most successful and remunerative crop has been so injured and delayed that the Charleston truck farmers, who ten days ago were counting up the prospective profits, are now trying to figure out the chances of getting out even.

OPERAS MAY NOT BE PIRATED

By Irresponsible Managers Who Vamp Up New Versions of the Latest Successes —An Important Decision.

NEW YORK, March 21.—Judge Blodgett of the United States court, has rendered a decision in the case of Rudolph Aronson against George Fleckenstein and others, proprietors of the Chicago Casino, which is of very great importance to every manager of light and comic opera companies in the country. By it he makes perpetual an injunction, granted temporarily, restraining the defendants from producing "Erminie," or "any opera or operetta under that title, and from using the dialogue, orchestral parts, scenes, incidents, situations, or cast of characters, or any adaptation or similation thereof."

This decision, which affirms the rights of managers to an opera purchased abroad and not published in its entirety as to the score and libretto, sets at rest the conflicting decisions of state courts in the Mikado cases and makes a universal law and universal protection for managers who buy and produce new operas from writers on the other side of the ocean.

The Coke Trade.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 21.—The Connellsville Coke Syndicate met here to-day and reaffirmed the card rate on coke of $2 per ton. Trade was reported good. It is quite probable that the agreement with the Producers' Association will be renewed.

Snow in Virginia.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 21.—The weather is cold, and snow and rain have been falling since morning. The adjacent mountains are covered with snow.

THE NATIONAL DRILL.

Synopsis of the Programme of This Great Event, Which Promises to be a Grand Success.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—The National drill, commencing here on May 23 and ending on the 30th of that month, "Decoration Day," with a grand combination parade of the National guardsmen and the Grand Army of the Republic, is no longer an experimental affair, but a fixed and assured success, both in its financial and military features and in the unequaled crowds of excursionists and visitors from civil life sure to be drawn here by its varied features.

Details of the distribution of $26,500 in cash prizes, besides stands of colors, gold and silver and bronze medals and special medals and plate trophies, have already been mentioned in these dispatches. Up to last night 34 States are represented in the applications already received, and letters have been received from the governors of sixteen states, in reply to a circular sent out asking their views as to the utility of the encampment and drill, and as to their interest in the review on "Governors' Day."

Singular unaminity of approval of the object and of the "Governors' day" features of the drill marked these letters; most of them bearing strongly upon the national and fraternal spirit in which the drill has been conceived and managed.

The grounds for the camp are the monument grounds lying around the Washington monument, and the drill ground is the beautiful level ellipse, lying just south of the President's mansion, known as the White lot. This level plain, one-half a mile in circumference, will be fenced in, and stands sufficient to seat from 30,000 to 40,000 persons will be erected. Here, during the time of the drill, will be held daily contests to prove the excellence of the citizen soldiery in infantry, artillery, cavalry and zouave tactics. Cadet corps of military schools will also drill for prizes, and bands and drum corps will be in attendance from the North, South, East and West. Each evening there will be a grand brigade dress parade, and on Governor's Day and Memorial Day the entire army corps from Camp George Washington will make public parades upon the broad avenues of the national capital. Nothing like this drill has so agitated the people of Washington for years, and from all parts of the country come reports that the flower of the citizen soldiery are coming, and with these will come throngs of civilians.

Among the champion crack companies so far formally entered are the Montgomery Greys, Vicksburg Southerns, St. Paul Company D, Indianapolis Light Infantry, San Antonio Rifles, Richmond Greys, Toledo Cadets, Milwaukee Light Horse, Atlanta Rifles, Company B, Twenty-third New York regiment, Lomax Rifles, the Muscatines of Iowa, the famous Houstons, the Chickasaws, Louisville Legion, Montgomery True Blues, the Lynchburg Home Guards and the Troy N. Y. Citizens' Corps. A brigade from Virginia, regimentals and battalions from North Carolina, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Kentucky and Rhode Island are formally entered. Managing secretary Delon hesitates, until after April 1, the day fixed for closing the entries, about estimating the numer of soldiers who will occupy tents in Camp George Washington, but a rough estimate places the number anywhere between 10,000 and 20,000.

DIABOLICAL PLOT

Said to Have Been Arranged by Michigan Anti-Prohibitionists.

HOLLY, Mich., March 22.—The Methodist church was completely filled with a large crowd of citizens last night to listen to an address on the prohibition amendment question. The speaker had proceeded with his subject but a short time when it was discovered that the church was on fire.

At the alarm the people rushed for the doors, and a scene of confusion at once ensued. Several ladies fainted during the excitement, and a panic seemed imminent. This, however, was averted and the room was emptied without serious injury to any of the audience.

The fire was caused by a lighted ball of rags soaked in kerosene which some miscreant threw under the church floor after the audience had gathered.

A passer-by saw the blaze and gave the alarm before the fire had gained much headway. The flames were extinguished with but slight damage to the building. The incendiary is not known, but a vigorous effort is being made to hunt him down. It is charged that anti Prohibitionists are at the bottom of the diabolical plot.

THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY

Being Celebrated in Berlin To-day—The Processions.

LONDON, March 22.—Count Von Hatzfeldt, the German ambassador, will give a banquet at the embassy to-night to celebrate the birthday of Emperor William.

The *Times* in an article on the Emperor's birthday says: "When we reflect upon the scope and vastness of the events in which Emperor William has played a leading part, he becomes certainly one of the most remarkable and typical figures to be found in history.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* says that the students procession yesterday evening occupied half an hour passing a given point and although its dimensions were respectable enough in point of length it failed to hold a candle to the grand torch light demonstration with costumed groups and historical, and allegorical charriots which greeted Prince Bismarck on the occasion of the 70th anniversary of his birthday.

THE CROP OUTLOOK.

Favorable Reports Received From Various States.

CHICAGO, March 21.—The *Farmer's Review* will say that the reports from crop correspondents in 25 counties of Illinois this week are of uniformly favorable tenor in reference to winter wheat. The condition of wheat throughout the state at the present time is up to the full average of the condition for the past five years.

The tenor of the Indiana reports continue to be favorable.

Injury is reported from Ashtabula county, Ohio, but the reports from seventeen other counties in that state are all favorable. The wheat outlook in Missouri is more favorable than at any time during three preceding years. The general situation in Kansas is slightly improved. Injury is reported in Genesee and Wayne counties in Michigan and the crop in lowlands throughout Southern Michigan exhibit some damage, but the crop looks well in uplands. Wisconsin reports are favorable.

DEMAND FOR SMALL BILLS

Said to be Fictitious—Small Notes are Sent West Though.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—During the past week $900,000 have been shipped to the assistant treasurer at New York and $600,000 to the assistant treasurer at Chicago to meet whatever demands may be made for notes of small denominations. Most of the shipments were in $20, $10 and $5 silver certificates and United States notes.

The treasury is also issuing $1 and $2 silver certificates at the rate of $150,000 a day. It is said at the department that the present demand for small notes is apparently fictitious and is probably due to a desire on the part of certain timid bankers to secure them in large amounts for use in the event of a possible stringency of the money market.

MUST SERVE HIS TIME.

Vain Attempt of a Bohemian Oats Man to Get a New Trial.

WINCHESTER, Ind., March 22.—Robert B. McKee, of Union City, who was tried in the present term of court for alleged complicity in the Bohemian oat swindle, found guilty by the jury and his punishment fixed at two years in the Northern penitentiary and fined $25, immediately made application, through his attorneys, for a new hearing of the case.

A stay of proceedings was granted by the court until last Saturday, Mr. McKee entering into a bond of $5,000. When the case came up it was ably argued by his attorneys, but the court sustained the action of the jury, and passed sentence accordingly, and Mr. McKee will be compelled to abide the decision. Already petitions are being circulated and freely signed asking Gov. Gray for a pardon.

DON'T LIKE COMPETITION.

Canadian Paper-Makers Want the Tariff Looked Into.

OTTAWA, Ont., March 18.—A deputation of the leading paper manufacturers of the Dominion yesterday interviewed Sir Charles Tupper, minister of finance, regarding proposed changes in the tariff.

The deputation asked the government to re-arrange the classification of different lines of paper, in order that the Canadian manufacturers may not suffer from American competition.

It is claimed that the want of knowledge on the part of the customs officials on this subject loses considerable revenue to the Dominion. Sir Charles took the matter into consideration.

Cleveland's Birthday.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—To-day is the fiftieth anniversary of Pres. Cleveland's birthday, but there is no outward observance of the event at the White House, beyond the presentation of a number of floral tributes by personal friends. Mrs. Hoyle, the President's sister, is the guest at the White House.

IRELAND'S WRONGS.

A Growing Volcano in England That will Soon Bury the Nation, Unless Immediate Steps are Taken to Relieve Ireland and Her People—A Scathing Letter by the Archbishop of Toronto to Lord Randolph Churchill.

NEW YORK, March 21.—The *Herald* publishes the following:

ST. MICHEALS PALACE, TORONTO, March 18, 1887.

To the editor of the Herald:

I send you my letter to Lord Churchill, asking you to publish it. Yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto

To the Right Honorable Randolph Churchill:

MY DEAR LORD CHURCHILL:—You must recollect a prelate from Canada who paid a visit to the Vice Regal lodge at Dublin in 1879, to thank your vernerable and noble mother, the Duchess of Marlborough, for her kindness, liberality and charity toward the starving Irish. I had the honor then of a short acquaintance with your lordship.

On that occasion I predicted you would become a great statesman. The twinkling of your brilliant eyes, however, portrayed you would be a little restive for a few years. I have assiduously watched your course; since then, sometimes with regret (Belfast) at other times with joy, but always with great hope. The motives of your resigning a very honorable and important post in the cabinet of England, proved the honor, valor and self-respect of a great mind. Your motto appears to be *Nil desperandum rhuche*. On this noble disposition of yours I depend much.

Now, my Dear Lord Randolph, the object of this letter is to beg you to study the Irish question, root and branch, not in the spirit of party, but of "justice to all men." I am confident from your character of uprightness that you will, even for this once, join Mr. Gladstone and bring peace and prosperity to Ireland and effect a more stable union between England and Ireland.

Your Lordship cannot but feel the disgraceful contradiction involved in the present attitude of the British parliament toward Ireland, and no wonder you are sweyy frowned at present. On the other hand, admitting the injustice of the landlord's exactions and the utter inability of the tenants to meet them (in consequence of the low prices of produce), the British House passes a law appointing a commission